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Doctor Who



25TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL





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It is with somewhat mixed emotions that I put pen to paper to welcome you to this special issue. My memories are manifold. My tenure on *Doctor Who* has, on the whole, been a happy one, but of course there have been sadnesses and disappointments. But none of these shall cloud this joyous time!

There are so few tv programmes that survive as long as 25 years, and there is only one science-fiction programme in the world that has reached this milestone in show business history. It is interesting to note that this is the only BBC tv Drama programme to run for so long also – a fact too often forgotten.

Of course, *Doctor Who* has not existed without its peaks and troughs, but by and large, it has remained popular with the 'public'. There can be virtually no-one in the British Isles who has not heard of the good Doctor's exploits in his TARDIS.

At this time perhaps we should reflect on the great talents of those that started *Doctor Who*, way back in '63 – for without their judgement, wisdom and vision, we would not be celebrating now: Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson, who conceived the idea in the first place, Verity Lambert, the first producer, Warris Hussein, the first director, the late Tony Coburn, with whom I had the great pleasure of working all-too-briefly in the Seventies, the original author, and the late, great William Hartnell, who brought the first incarnation of the Doctor to such fascinating life.

Let us salute them, and along with them – you, the audience. For six Doctors, eight producers and endless Companions later, the programme survives and I feel sure it will continue for many happy years to come!

John Nathan-Turner
Producer
Doctor Who

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THE FIRST DOCTOR

WILLIAM HARTNELL



The first incarnation of the Doctor has often been described as simply that of 'a crotchety old man', but the aged man of mystery was far more than that to his original viewers. Indeed, the figure was a veritable magician, able to take on many guises.

The caustic and abrupt old man who emerged from the night to remove his ship's lock mechanism and open the door with his torch beam in the unscreened pilot version of *An Unearthly Child*, was toned down for his first public appearance. He was still a stickler for authority on board his craft, a somewhat obstinate character, always determined to get his own way, even if it meant killing an injured caveman or sabotaging his ship to investigate a wonderous city.

Somewhat dithering at times, the old man could suddenly show razor sharp intellect, but when this at first fails him in *The Edge of Destruction*, he shows his first signs of respect to the teachers he had kidnapped to keep his secrets.



His stern exterior, as with that of Hartnell himself, masked a vulnerable soul which could not at once accept the departure of the granddaughter he loved so dearly, which he had enforced for her own good, missed the presence of the teachers who irritated him so much, mourned the waste of human life such as Bret, Katarina and Sara, needed to defeat the Daleks, and showed a terrible fear of lonely eternity in *The Massacre*.

He was a frail old man, aching with the pains brought by old age in *Marco Polo*, and yet able to exhibit whirlwind bursts of action in *The Romans*.

This unpredictable and enigmatic gentleman of the universe could turn his hand to

anything: a wily lawyer in *The Keys of Marinus*, virtually running Paris by *The Reign of Terror*, a prominent scientist in *The War Machines*, or even a mender of shoes in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*.

He also threw himself readily into any mystery with great verve, be it the poisoning of the Sensorites' water, or why a lush jungle of wildlife should have a steel sky.



And as he spent more time with humans, the Doctor increasingly abandoned his policy of being an observer. Whilst chiding Barbara for trying to stop Aztec human sacrifices, he later helped apothecary Charles Preslin escape death in Paris. And it was the Doctor's sole effort which managed to avert the Daleks' invasion of the solar system in 4000 AD, the Doctor almost dying in the process.

This Doctor was simply a wonderous mystery, his black cloak hiding a coat of infinite colours.



William Hartnell, Shakespearian actor turned tough guy, was just shedding the image of the baddie he had gained in *Brighton Rock*, to become a character actor, when Verity Lambert offered him the role of the Doctor in the summer of 1963, after noticing him in *This Sporting Life*.

The fifty-five year old man leapt at the part that he played until ill-health forced him to retire, three years later. After a cameo appearance in *The Three Doctors*, he died in April, 1975.

Much mythology around *Doctor Who* was not established until long after William Hartnell's tenure had finished, but some was never even to make it to the screen.

Sydney Newman's concepts, fleshed out by David Whitaker and C.E. Webber, indicated that the Doctor was a renegade from the year 5733, whose home planet had been invaded. He had managed to escape in an illegal craft to travel in time and space, trying to find help for his people, and accompanied by a human girl.

Anthony Coburn made Susan the Doctor's granddaughter, and although in the pilot she claims to have been born in the forty-ninth century, this specification was removed in recording.

The Daleks brought the show to public attention

The early days of continuity contradict many later points. The Doctor states in *The Chase* that he built his ship himself, and Susan claims to have made up the name TARDIS from the initials: Time And Relative Dimension In Space.

The TARDIS was far more than a control room, with a rest area and food machine, fault locator bay and bedrooms all seen from various angles throughout the early days, indicating a truly huge interior in the police box exterior.

With individual titles to each episode, and cliff-hangers between stories, the seasons of around forty segments gave the feeling of continuation between serials, turning the spatio-temporal wanderings into an epic mixture of history and future.

After some low-key escapades in frozen pre-historic times, the travellers found themselves



bending to move along the steel corridors of a city, inhabited by robot-like people, the inhabitants of which, though once philosophers and inventors, were now indicated by a taloned claw only to hint of their visual horror.

The Daleks brought the show to public attention, and were quickly brought back to invade Earth itself, equally as menacing gliding around the streets of London, 2167 AD.

They were a constant threat; cunning enough to realise only the Doctor was capable of foil-

ing their schemes, and sending a squad to pursue him through time and space before execution; of plotting the invasion of the very solar system itself, by allying with and then betraying a whole host of alien delegates.

Bizarre aliens of a variety not before seen on British television captured the imaginations of viewers and the press: the rubbery Voord assassins, the timid Sensorites, reptilian Monoids, robotic Mechanoids. The TARDIS could land its crew on a planet inhabited by no less than five species of giant insect life,

or a dry desert world of twin suns, or a cracked planet with only two dawns left before its destruction.

But interspersed amongst these fantastic offerings were skirmishes in the past with figures such as Marco Polo, Robespierre, Emperor Nero, Richard the Lionheart, King Priam, Catherine de Medici and Wyatt Earp.

Some were painted as traditionally known, some such as the great Kublai Khan, shown

Establishing the Myth



to be old men, unlike the conquerors of legend. Civilizations like the Aztecs, where the wheel was unknown in a sophisticated city and human sacrifice flourished, were as alien to the travellers as any distant planet.

The Doctor's powers were undefined

And then came the borderline stories. Apart from the Daleks, the only recurring nuisance for the Doctor was the Monk, a fellow time/space traveller who was mischievous rather than destructive.

Adventures seldom occurred on present day Earth, and if they did then the crew were either only one inch tall, or too busy being pursued by Daleks to stay for long. Not until the WOTAN computer expressed an interest in 'Doctor Who', did the mysterious man from nowhere experience a truly contemporary adventure.

More recently, the series falls into eras: Gothic horror, slapstick, suspense. But initially, the styles changed almost with each story. The Doctor switches from arbiter over Bennett in *The Rescue*, to terrible puns in *The Romans*, to be followed by adventures on the surreal Vortis and a truly Shakespearian interlude in Palestine.

Death and slaughter on the streets of Paris are succeeded by a virulent plague, and then the sinister world of toys and games gives way to hilarious scenes at a dentist's surgery in the Wild



West. Each new landing of the Doctor's erratic TARDIS gave way to a new slant on presentation.

The Doctor's powers were undefined, like his point of origin or his previous travels with Susan. They talk of Henry VIII and Pyrrho, and of the TARDIS's disguises as sedan chairs and ionic columns before its stubborn refusal to shed the form it adopted in Totter's Lane, and of planets like Quinns and the plantlife on Esto.

Susan has mild telepathic powers and the Doctor himself gets a prickling sensation warning when danger, like the Daleks, is near. Devoid of the TARDIS, a craft which can withstand falls from cliff edges and Dalek fire power, his only other powers lie in his ornate ring, with which the central console can be activated, jammed locks opened and hypnotic conditions broken.

Historical costume dramas were part and parcel of early *Doctor Who*: scenes from *Marco Polo*, *The Aztecs* and *The Reign of Terror*.



It is the slipping of the Doctor's beloved ring from his finger in *The Power of the Daleks* that adds the final myth established in Hartnell's reign, that of regeneration.

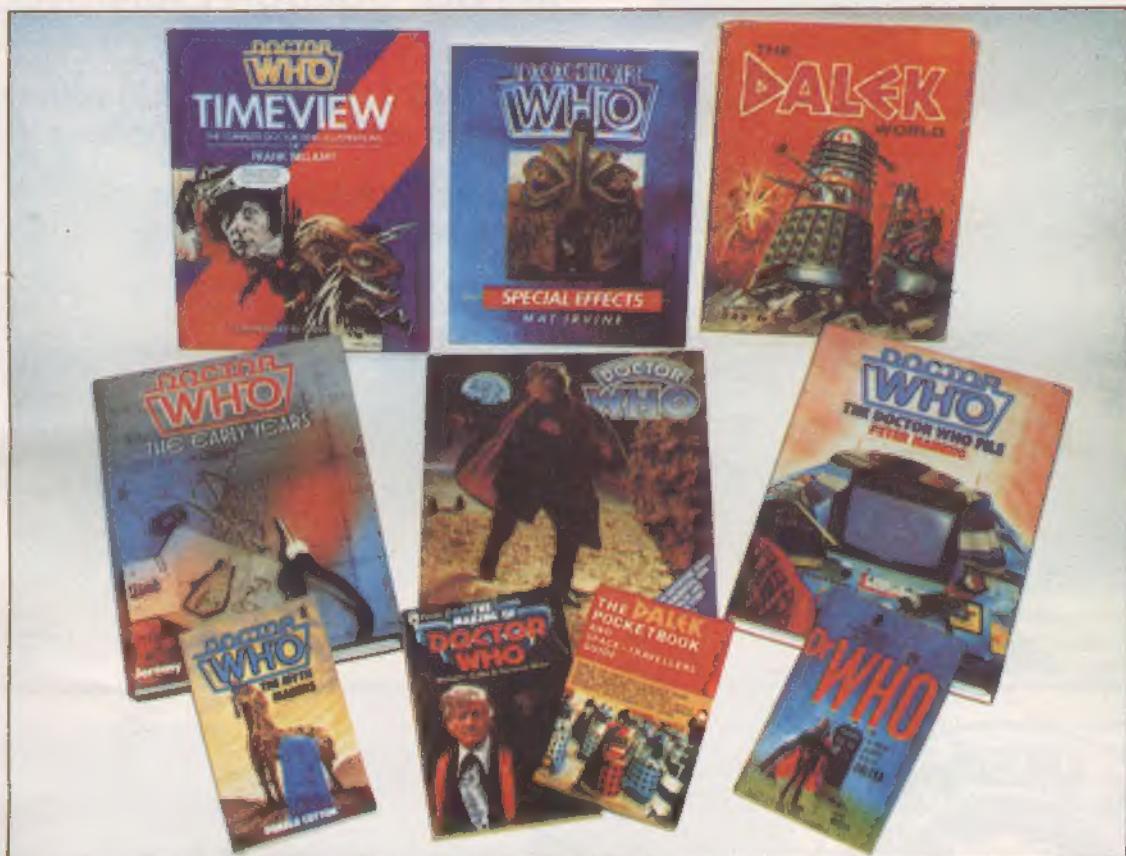
The crippling cold of Snowcap Base, 1986, is as nothing to the weakness forced upon his almost exhausted body. The old man who collapses on the TARDIS floor after the Cybermen have been destroyed is one we know little more about than when he coughed and spluttered to push open the splintered gates of I.M. Foreman's junkyard.

For true mythology, one needs a sense of mystery.

Andrew Pixley



Bestsellers



To pick just ten from the hundreds of *Doctor Who*-related books that have been published over the twenty-four years since the publication of 1964's *The Dalek Book* is quite a task. There are turning points in *Doctor Who* publishing, and – inevitably – there emerge 'classics'.

To begin, chronologically, it was through the Daleks that *Doctor Who* first made its mark on the publishers' lists. One of the best books of the Hartnell era was a companion piece to the earlier *The Dalek Book*, *The Dalek World*. Now a prized collector's piece, the book advanced the Dalek myth established in the first few televised Dalek stories by adding new facts about the metal monsters then holding the public in their collective grip.

Skipping forward a few years, and past a flurry of colouring books, annuals and early hardcover novels, we come across another milestone: *The Making of Doctor Who*, by Terrance Dicks and the late Malcolm Hulke. The original version, published by Pan in 1972, was the first major look behind the scenes of *Doctor*

Who, and covered a multitude of areas including a sketchy chronology and a detailed account of the filming of a particular story, *The Sea Devils*.

Three more of my 'Top Ten' also cover the story behind the cameras: Mat Irvine's colourful *Doctor Who Special Effects* (Beaver books, 1986), Jeremy Bentham's excellent *The Early Days* from WH Allen in 1987, and the popular André Deutsch book covering the filming of *The Visitation*, *The Making of a Television Series*.

Another highly informative publication, published in 1973 to celebrate ten years of the programme, was the first *Radio Times Doctor Who Special*. An excellent source of information for the fact-starved fans, highly valued by collectors, and lavishly illustrated with many (then) unfamiliar photographs.

The Target imprint of WH Allen had, by 1976, published over thirty *Doctor Who* novels, two of which, *Genesis of the Daleks* and *Planet of the Daleks*, were also featured in the £1.99 large format hardback version published for Marks & Spencer

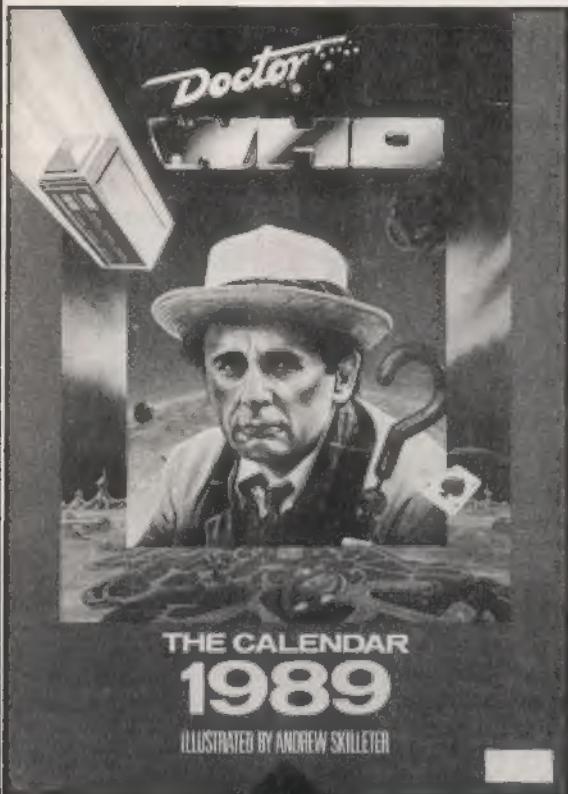
for Christmas of that year: *Doctor Who and the Daleks Omnibus*. Full of stylised illustrations, it is an excellent book.

Arguably the best of the books from the prolific pen of Peter Haining is *The Doctor Who File*, a haphazard collection of articles, interviews and photographs.

'File under miscellaneous' is the description best fitting the book *Timeview – The Complete Doctor Who Illustrations of Frank Bellamy*, published by Who Dares. Bellamy was a great artist, and his illustrations for the *Radio Times* billings are shown here in all their style and glory.

And the novels – well – it's almost an impossible choice. WH Allen have contributed much to the welfare of *Doctor Who* by publishing these books, and every one has its merits. For me though it's Donald Cotton's humorous *The Myth Makers*. No doubt you have your own personal Top Ten . . . These, for me, are the essential books for any *Doctor Who* fan's bookshelf.

Julian Knott



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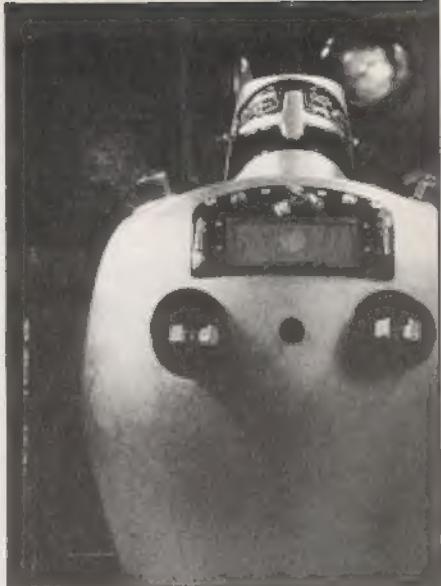
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THE SECOND DOCTOR PATRICK TROUGHTON



At the suggestion of Sydney Newman (the creator of *Doctor Who*), Patrick Troughton played the Doctor as a 'cosmic hobo' – a scruffy little man wandering the Universe like an inter-galactic tramp or gypsy. Hence his costume was conceived as a Chaplin-esque-parody of his predecessor's familiar attire.

However, while Sydney Newman was responsible for devising the Second Doctor's image, Script Editor Gerry Davis must take much of the credit for devising his personality.

Davis had noted an elusive, mercurial quality in Troughton's nature, and he wanted to see that same quality brought out in the Doctor. He also had in mind the character played by James Stewart in the film *Destry Rides Again* – a man who, rather than answering a question directly, would always recount a 'parable' leaving others to work out his meaning.

Pleased with these ideas, Troughton agreed that they should form the basis for his interpretation of the role.

Like his predecessor, the Second Doctor had an insatiable curiosity, and a healthy disregard for 'the establishment'. More importantly, he had the same dedication to fighting evil wherever he encountered it.

There was a humorous side to his nature, of course, arising largely from his seemingly absent-minded approach to problems. There were even moments of pure slapstick, such as his flight from the Ice Warriors through the corridors of the moonbase in *The Seeds of Death*.

But when necessary, he could be deadly serious, too: witness his encounter with the Dalek Emperor in *The Evil of the Daleks* or his reminiscence in *The Tomb of the Cybermen* about his long-dead parents. Viewers felt reassured in his presence, yet thrilled and excited, too.

Like Merlin, the Pied Piper, Father Christmas and Charlie Chaplin, all rolled into one, Patrick Troughton's Doctor was a complex character – but also a very endearing one.



The Monster Years



The Yeti were extremely popular monsters of the Troughton era, appearing in *The Abominable Snowmen* and *The Web of Fear*, the latter set in the London Underground.

For three years – from 1966 to 1969 – Patrick Troughton held the viewing public enthralled with his superb performance as the Second Doctor, fully justifying the BBC's faith in continuing *Doctor Who* with a new lead actor.

Things could have turned out very differently, though, as Troughton was initially quite reluctant to accept the role. He had two main concerns: first, although he had always watched the series with his children and enjoyed it, he suspected that it had been 'done to death'; and, secondly, as a well-established

character actor, he was anxious to avoid being type-cast.

Nevertheless, after several persuasive phone calls from the BBC, he eventually came round to the idea.

The next question was: how should he play the part? With the danger of type-casting still very much in mind, he came up with some suggestions which, in retrospect, seem quite bizarre.

These included 'blacking up' and donning a turban; playing the part like a wind-jammer sea captain; and even putting on a Harpo Marx-style wig!

In the end, though, he agreed on the 'cosmic hobo' image sug-

gested by Sydney Newman; and although he did get to wear a wig, this was a relatively conservative Beatles-style mop (which was dropped in later years after his own hair grew long enough to be styled in that fashion).

He agreed on the 'cosmic hobo' image . . .

As a concession to Troughton's lingering worries about type-casting, it was suggested in his first few serials that this Doctor was to be a master of disguise; *The Highlanders*, for instance, saw him dressing up as a washer-woman and as a Red-coat soldier, while in *The Underwater Menace* he managed to pass himself off as a trader in the Atlantean market-place.

However, this idea was soon abandoned after the actor had settled into the role. The more outlandish aspects of his basic costume were also dispensed with: the incredibly baggy trousers, for example, were taken in, inch by inch, as the weeks went by (without Troughton's knowledge!) and the tall 'stove pipe' hat was quickly written out.

Just as the more exaggerated features of the new Doctor's costume were gradually toned down, so too were those of his personality. Initially, when he made his debut in *The Power of the Daleks*, he came across as a very whimsical figure indeed. He played his famous recorder in virtually every other scene, and was even known to dance a little jig!

It was not until his fourth serial, *The Moonbase*, that he really settled down into the character that viewers would come to know and love.

More generally, too, the 1966/67 season – Season Four – was very much a time of experimentation for *Doctor Who*. In particular, Producer Peter Bryant, determined to make the series more 'gutsy', took the radical step of axing the 'historical' stories altogether, and this left the way clear for an unbroken run of science fiction-based tales covering a wide variety of different styles.

Perhaps the most influential story of this period, in terms of the series' later development, was the Doctor's encounter with the Cybermen in *The Moonbase* (which was in fact largely a re-working of the earlier Cyberman adventure, *The Tenth Planet*).

The plot involved a small group of humans, cut off from the outside world in a scientific base, being attacked and infiltrated by a race of terrifying alien monsters – an eminently successful formula which was re-used time and again in Season Five, resulting in some of the most fondly remembered stories in the series' history.

An incredible succession of alien monsters crossed the Doctor's path . . .

Season Five is primarily responsible for Patrick Troughton's time in *Doctor Who* being dubbed 'the monster era' – and not without good reason. Who



▲ *The Tomb of the Cybermen*: another famous monster makes a spectacular return to the series.



▲ The Quarks advance in *The Dominators*.

could ever forget such chilling adversaries as the Cybermen, the Yeti, the Ice Warriors, the Weed Creature and, most feared of all, the Daleks (seen in a repeat screening of Season 4's concluding story, *The Evil of the Daleks*)?

Never before had such an incredible succession of alien monsters crossed the Doctor's path, and rarely has it been equalled since.

Troughton's final season – Season Six – was, like his first, rather more experimental. Whereas five of the seven stories in Season Five had been set entirely on Earth, and the other two had involved people from Earth, this time the plots were rather more varied in setting and in content. This was not in itself a bad thing, of course, but overall the stories did tend to have a rather 'uneven' feel about them.

Nevertheless, despite being dogged by script problems and

lack of money, Season Six still managed to maintain a very high standard of drama, as well as paving the way for future developments, by introducing UNIT in *The Invasion* and the Time Lords in *The War Games*.

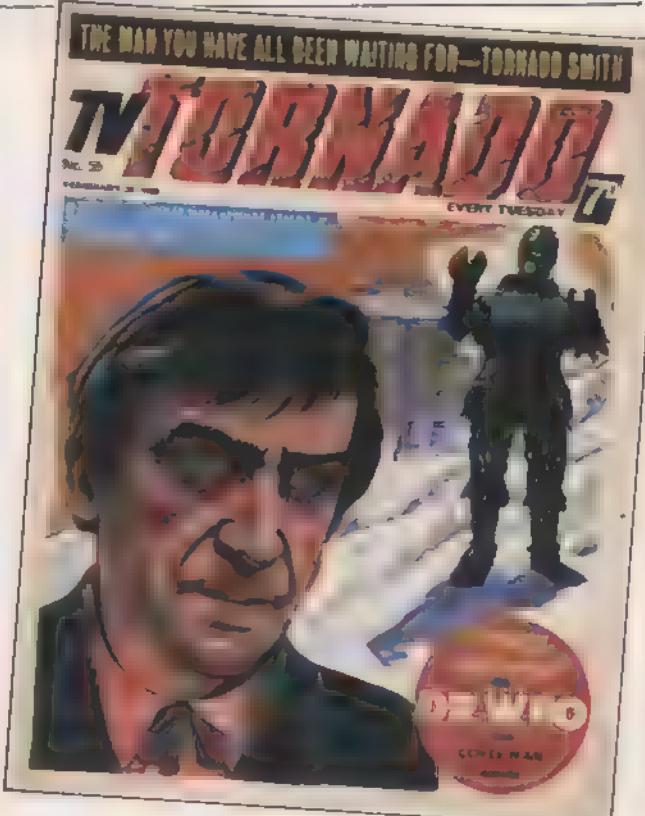
The marvellous characterisations of the Second Doctor and his Companions – Polly, Ben, Jamie, Victoria and Zoe – were as much part of the success of this era as the succession of first class stories and frightening and fantastical monsters. Much of the credit for this must go to the actors and actresses concerned, and particularly to the late Patrick Troughton himself, who managed to imbue his Doctor with such an incredible warmth and depth of personality.

His brief return visits in *The Three Doctors*, *The Five Doctors* and, finally, *The Two Doctors* served as welcome reminders of one of the greatest periods of *Doctor Who* history.

Stephen James Walker



▲ The 1967 story *The Evil of the Daleks* was so popular it was repeated in its entirety in 1968. Sadly, only one episode of this story remains in the BBC Archives.



Looking Back



Twenty-five years stretches back a long way – whether *Doctor Who* saw you from your infancy to adulthood or adolescence to middle age, as you have grown up with the show, your nostalgic recollections will not only bring to mind special moments from the show itself, but also memories from your growing up that happened simultaneous to the programme.

In picture and prose, devoted enthusiast Cartwright Roper evokes some of these moments, as well as some memories distinctly his own . . .

Looking back, I seem to remember that the Saturday afternoons of my youth were often torture! Yes, dear reader, it's true. But, before you rebuke me, before your cries of, "... But it was *Doctor Who* day!" assail my ears, let me explain.

I particularly remember a drizzling wet day with *Grandstand* lasting a thousand years and me, a sulky 10-year-old sport-hater sitting through interminable football results, waiting for you-know-what. My father, checking his pools coupon, would admonish me for sighing so much and "not doing something constructive", so I'd cheer very loudly when *Grandstand* ended, just to annoy him.

SATURDAY SPOIL-SPORTS

From there, it was almost home free: the BBC News, world events, the weather (good old Michael Fish) and one further frustration, Tony Gubba prattling on about Today's Sport. Then, the Beeb's revolving world voice would preview the rest of the evening's programmes and my feeling of excited anticipation would build.

And then, at last, that haunted music would begin, that title sequence would

roll, and I would breathe a sigh of relief as the torture of waiting would end! So now, gentle reader, you understand what I mean! Please indulge me whilst I recall my fondest *Who*-related memories from the era I remember with most relish – late Pertwee to early Tom Baker.

One of my earliest memories is seeing a Cyberman emerging from the London sewers by way of a manhole (*The Invasion*); my sister still recalls, shivering, that "brain in a jar" (*The Brain of Morbius*). I had a thrill of surprise and pleasure when the new title sequence opened *The Time Warrior*. A Jon Pertwee-shaped time tunnel! What a great idea.

Anyway, for some reason, I'd forgotten that Jo Grant (Katy Manning) had left the series the previous season, and was miffed by what I thought was a bad illustration of her in that week's edition of the *Radio Times* ('T wasn't a Frank Bellamy piece, culture critters). Imagine my surprise then, when Elizabeth Sladen was introduced as Sarah Jane Smith!

THE SHRINE OF SARAH JANE

You guessed it, dear reader! Pre-adolescent-crush at first sight. I cut out the bad illustration from the *Radio Times*

and blu-tacked it to my bedroom wall. Sarah was, in my humble opinion, the *Doctor Who* assistant!

And so, Jon Pertwee's last season as the Doctor scored 10 on this writer's scoreboard. Together with Sarah, his tackling of such nemeses as the dinosaurs (that brilliant plastic *Tyrannosaurus!*) and many more suited me just fine. I was very sorry to see him go. If Sarah's arrival to the show was welcomed by this writer with open arms, Tom Baker's debut was greeted with a somewhat more lukewarm reception.

A school friend of mine had his 11th birthday party on that Saturday, so about fourteen pre-teen lads gathered around his tv, in full knowledge that this was the episode in which the Doc would "change". What would the new Doctor look like? How could he possibly follow an act like our beloved caped Jon Pertwee?

As the Doctor staggered out of the TARDIS and that mad monk sat in mid-air we all held our breath. Then, as the Brigadier said "Not again!" and Pertwee regenerated into Baker, a huge groan went up, which quickly turned into an excited babble as the end credit sequence rolled. We sat around discussing the merits of the new Doctor's nose and how he could not possibly be the new incarnation of the Time-Lord.

So, when *Robot* went out after the few months' break, I was doubtful as to whether I could greet this stranger as the Doctor. Yes, I feared the worst . . . especially when he appeared grinning at the TARDIS door in his Viking costume.

Somehow, though, I don't remember when, Tom Baker's mesmeric portrayal of the Doctor won me over. Totally. (Maybe it was his hypnotic eyes.) So, when I found out that he was to open a local school fete, I practically flew there. This, dear reader, was a moment when I came face-to-face with the magic of *Doctor Who*.





"FROM WHO IS TOM BAKER?"

As we marvelled at the mute Cyberman striding around between the marquees, the *Who* theme suddenly boomed out over the PA system, and when 'Bessie' appeared on the track road leading to the field, I and a huge throng of other kids ran forward to meet the good Doctor.

There he was! Beaming smile, floppy felt hat, scarf every which way, Tom Baker parked Bessie and strode to the podium from which he declared the fete open. God, he was tall! And when he signed his autograph on a photo of himself as "From Who is Tom Baker?", I was hooked. Who wouldn't be?

During an absence abroad over the next three years, I kept up with the Doctor's adventures through the Target novelizations gathered in book-buying missions by a long-suffering aunt (thank you, Auntie Enid). I wish I'd had a video recorder in those days.

I returned to catch Tom Baker's brilliant last season, produced with a glossy, stylish flair I didn't remember ever having seen before on the programme (thank you, John Nathan-Turner!) A new title sequence, a new Companion – it was like meeting an old friend again after a gap of a few years!

As a final indulgence please allow me to revel in a couple of memories from not so long ago: the Longleat 20th Anniversary Celebrations, at the Wiltshire Stately Home. I saw Tom Baker again, and cheered him as he appeared out of the TARDIS late on Sunday, maybe an hour before the celebrations were due to finish.

My friend John and I sat in on many panels, (yes, Elisabeth Sladen was there), watched *Terror of the Autons* again, and listened to much wisdom and nostalgia, as well as buying up enough merchandise to pay off my television licence fee for a few years.



TARGET FOR DRUNKEN DALEKS?

But what, or rather who I remember more than anything about those two days were these three Heavy Metal fans we met. They came from Bournemouth and were real die-hard science-fiction and fantasy fans, who were also staying at the campsite thoughtfully set up by the Beeb and The Marquis of Bath. At the end of the first day of the celebrations, the weather decided to pour down on us, so we incarcerated ourselves in the Longleat pub until closing time.

Emerging sufficiently well-oiled to attempt partying-on-down at the campsite (it was still raining), the five of us ran around singing loudly and tripping over guyropes. One of the Heavy Metal guys seemed to be doing a pretty good impression of a Dalek trying to get up some stairs.

The whole idea, I have pieced together from conflicting reports, was to . . . er,

find some *Doctor Who* fans of the opposite sex. Tut, tut. But, as the five of us gathered around one tent with a light on, we leaned close and heard one nasal, male voice, reading an extract from the Target novelization of *Robot*, to another. The five of us couldn't maintain silence and exploded into laughter, at which point the light inside was snapped off suddenly. Obviously, the occupants weren't into partying-on-down.

I know what you're thinking, dear, gentle reader. "What oafish louts!" But, please, understand, it was all born out of a specific love of a programme that holds many youthful memories for me. At the moment, I look forward to another twenty-five years of the good Doctor's adventures, and, for me, the spin-off memories they will no doubt produce. A very happy twenty-fifth, to you all. Cheers!

Cartwright Roper
with thanks to Andrew Price



Special Effects

In 25 years, *Doctor Who* has produced some of the best Special Effects ever seen on television. In this 'special' Effects article we examine the developments, over a quarter of a century, from the crude origins to the spectacular images created in today's *Who*...

For a programme that has been partly successful because of the *lack* of visual wizardry, being heralded as a pioneering spirit in the field of Special Effects might seem strange, but just as the writers have had to use their imagination to overcome the technical and financial limitations put on them, so have the Special Effects Designers.

The writing has given *Doctor Who* the strength of characterisation and narrative to separate it from other science fiction shows, whilst the Special Effects have consistently broken new ground, as innovative techniques have been used to save time and money.

This mould-breaking tradition in *Doctor Who* Special Effects stretches right back to the first moments of the programme, when strange undulating patterns of light formed the title sequence.

The eerie effect was achieved by the neat trick of feeding a television camera with the image it was outputting, producing a result called 'video howl-around'. With some judicious tweaking of the camera's electronics, and the addition of graphics and a memorable radiophonic score, there came a title sequence that gave an immediate identity to *Doctor Who* in the public's mind.

Special Effects is a phrase that draws in many design elements. Looking at the programme today, they are provided by the Visual Effects Designer and the Video Effects Designer.



Leela (Louise Jameson) fires a laser in *The Face of Evil*. The laser effect is added to the film after the action has been recorded.

Visual Effects is the art of producing something that wouldn't happen naturally, but that is physical. Video Effects are produced electronically, creating things that are not real and solid, or blending physical pictures with one another. Both designers are responsible to the Director, and he or she delegates specific effects tasks to them.

FIRST STEPS

But the situation has not always been like this. When *Doctor Who* began, the art of Special Effects was in its infancy. Video Effects had not passed far beyond the simple editing of one scene to another.

By 1955, however, things had progressed as far as a Visual Effects department being set up at the BBC by artist Jack Kine and engineer Bernard Wilkie, who worked on the show right from the start. Set designers, Raymond Cusick and Barry Newbery, also provided much valuable and memorable input in these early days.



Preparation material and photographs of Sylvester McCoy used in the production of the latest *Doctor Who* title sequence.

To have all the design under one person was a double-edged sword. While it meant a coherent overall look for the programme, it left the designer very stretched. To ease this pressure, a freelance company of prop-makers, Shawcraft Models, was contracted to build some of the effects. However, at all times they were working under the direction of the Kine/Wilkie team, and the end result, in those early days, was a collection of superbly crafted models and props as a showcase for the design skills of the talented teams of Set Designers and Visual Effects Designers.

Raymond Cusick, who worked on many of the William Hartnell science fiction-based stories, contributed some of the most memorable designs. His classic design of the Daleks, based on a pepper pot, was the most famous, but he came up with many superb model designs.

The Dalek city on Skaro, Mavic Chen's spacecraft from *The Dalek Master Plan* and the crashed rocket in *The Rescue* all showed Special Effects at their best. *The Dalek Master Plan* in particular was a *tour-de-force*, with a graphics montage sequence even providing inspiration for *2001: A Space Odyssey*, a block-busting film of the time.

There was one crude video effect available to directors at the time. Called 'inlay', the pictures from two cameras each viewing a carefully masked screen were combined to produce a composite picture.

For example, in *The Rescue*, it was possible to combine a scene on a cliff top of the Doctor and Steven





staring downwards, with a model shot of the crashed spacecraft they were supposedly looking at.

The technique was used widely in black-and-white *Doctor Who*, and combined with other optical techniques to help give the programme a sense of scale it could otherwise not have afforded.

It was not until 1967's *Evil of the Daleks* that a Visual Effects Designer was permanently allocated to a story. Special Effects had gradually grown more ambitious, as technology moved forward and more resources became available.

CLASSIC CREATIONS

The Patrick Troughton era of the programme was famed for its monsters, and the Visual Effects Department worked with costume to produce many of the designs. There was still some contracting out of work, notably to the Bill King Trading Post.

Many of the stories were Earth-based, and did not require space effects. An exception was *The Space Pirates*, which featured the most extensive use of model work at the time. Models from the coverage of the Apollo moon-shots were seen at length in a story written with the effects available in mind.

A quantum leap in Special Effects in *Doctor Who* came when Jon Pertwee became the show's star. A halving of the season length, a move towards a more action-orientated style and, most especially, the advent of colour heralded a new era for effects.

Colour Separation Overlay (also known as Chromakey and CSO) made its debut in *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. The process, where parts of a picture that are required are electronically colour separated from a blue background and overlaid onto another picture, became one of the programme's stocks-in-trade. Its first use demonstrated, though, how new technology can take a while getting used to.

CSO was required to magnify an image of a dinosaur to twice the height of the Doctor. Visual Effects painstakingly produced a man-sized costume, under the instructions of the production department, complete with the lifting gear to keep it upright, which they then put against the blue background and doubled in height electronically.

It was only on seeing the finished picture, that they realised a two feet high rod model could have been magnified further to produce the same effect, with less money, time and hassle!

The Daemons, a story unhesitatingly picked as their favourite by all the *Doctor Who* team of the time, called for a large number of special effects. It was co-written by then producer Barry Letts, who had a lot of technical expertise from his experience as a director and was able to include scenes that stretched the effects teams without becoming impossible.

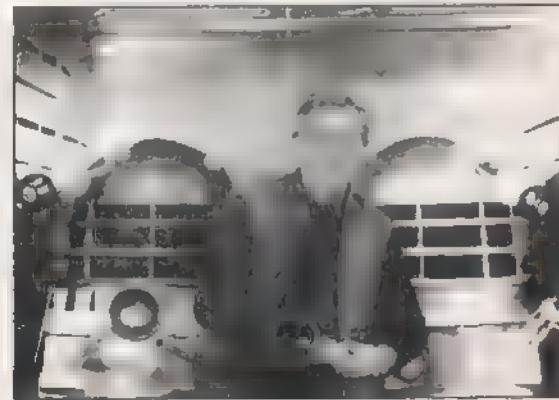
CSO was used to provide Azal's terrifying appearance in episode five, with actor Stephen Thorne made up and placed against the blue background.

The story also provided the Visual Effects Department's most famous success in suspending disbelief when angry viewers wrote in to complain about the needless destruction of an old church merely to provide a climax to the story. The painstakingly constructed model church had obviously been a success!

Malcolm Hulke was to write two stories specifically to use available Special Effects resources. *Frontier in Space* featured a number of models that had been bought by the BBC, having previously been used on *Century 21* and Gerry Anderson's *UFO*. The excellent space scenes contributed to the story's obvious success.



▲ Explosive action from *The Evil of the Daleks*.



▲ Raymond Cusick

DESIGNER DINOSAURS

Hulke's 1974 story, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, was specially written, as Barry Letts wanted to expand on the successful use of glove puppets as the Drashigs in *Carnival of Monsters*. With this in mind, he commissioned a dinosaur story and used these techniques in combination with others to great effect.

Barry Letts was able to remedy another problem from *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* when directing Tom Baker's debut story, *Robot*. In the dinosaur story, video-taped models had been overlaid onto film exteriors. The result was that the filmed part of the picture moved relative to the videoed part.

Robot, which required a giant robot taking on UNIT out in the country, was shot entirely on Outside Broadcast video tape. With the heavy cameras in use at the time, this was some achievement, and one which paid dividends, with the CSO work matching well with the live action. With one or two exceptions, it was an experiment that was not to be repeated for over ten years.

The Tom Baker years moved on, with the sophistication of the Special Effects involved increasing. CSO



▲ The Time Scoop is destroyed in *Carnival of Monsters*



▲ An ambassador from *Ambassadors of Death*

became more and more heavily used: over-used at times.

As the compass of the stories moved ever wider, with Graham Williams' years as producer providing visits to stranger and stranger worlds, so the effects became more outrageous. A model mechanical parrot was CSO'd flying from a half-robotic pirate captain's shoulder, and monsters that decayed into an addictive drug were constructed. And then there was K9.

It was a bold stroke on Graham Williams' part to take writers Bob Baker and Dave Martin's idea of a robot dog as a regular feature of the show. That it went on to become the programme's most enduring creation after the Doctor and the Daleks is testament to the excellence of Visual Effects' Tony Harding's design.

Using remote control (which produced legendary problems, affecting cameras, for example), K9 went totally away from the *Doctor Who* man-in-a-suit tradition, and was such a success that it even spawned a spin-off tv show of its own, *K9 and Company*.

The next quantum leap for Special Effects coincided with John Nathan-Turner becoming the prog-

ramme's producer. His first story, *The Leisure Hive* featured the first use of a digital effects generator on *Doctor Who*. Known as 'Quantel', it could be used to split the picture up into its component elements, or pixels, and treat those pixels electronically. Thus the TARDIS could be materialised into a moving picture for the first time.

TECHNOLOGY TAKES OVER

The very next story, *Meglos*, moved on the tale that had begun in the Sixties with inlay and had progressed in the Seventies with CSO. Called 'Scene-Synch', it linked the motion of a camera shooting live action against a CSO background, with the motion of a camera recording a model set. This meant panning, zooming and other camera movement could be used with CSO for the first time. Some excellent results were recorded, but Scene-Synch has yet to make another appearance.

John Nathan-Turner vowed when becoming producer to bring *Doctor Who* into the Eighties, and he has used glossy production as a part of this. This has meant that Special Effects have had a prominence perhaps unequalled in the show's history.

The Trial of a Time Lord, Season 23's epic story, started with one of the most magnificent effects sequences seen in any medium. Motion-controlled thirty-five-millimetre film cameras were used to track across a massive model space station, to give a point-of-view shot of the TARDIS being captured by the Time Lords, so that the Doctor could be tried. It was an incredible come-back for the show after its long break.

Two more digital effects generators have recently been added to the Video Effects portfolio. 'Paintbox' has featured a lot in the last two seasons, most obviously to colour the skies of Thorus Beta and Lakertya.

This use of video effects on location footage has been made possible through the switch in 1986 to Outside Broadcast video-taped exteriors – a move heralded by *Robot* back in 1974.

A new, and very powerful machine, the ADO (Amplex Digital Optics) has enabled such ambitious effects as *Time and the Rani*'s bouncing bubbles to be contemplated. It enables rotation, movement and perspective to be changed in three dimensions and has seen a very high level of use, along with Paintbox, in Season 25. *Remembrance of the Daleks* saw the amazing Dalek materialisations and a new Dalek point-of-view shot, using, for the first time on the show, a thermal imaging camera.

The finale of Season 24 was a Visual Effect the like of which had never been seen before on British tv; namely the infamous melting of the evil Kane.

The stunning effect was created by the talented and resourceful team of Susan Moore and Stephen Mansfield, using the complicated, yet amazingly effective processes of 'multi-piece moulding' and wax casting, and achieving the final effect by 'blow-torching' the model head of Kane, until it melted in an appropriately gruesome manner!

From those opening titles of *An Unearthly Child*, to the state of the art computer graphics that will form the credits on the last episode of *Silver Nemesis*, *Doctor Who* has been at the forefront of pioneering Special Effects. It has been the imagination, guts and sheer hard work of the design teams behind the programme that have produced many memorable effects. The success of those very Special Effects has been an important part in bringing *Doctor Who* to its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Saul Nassé

Anyone who has read a copy of Jon Pertwee's fascinating autobiography, *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits*, will appreciate just what a varied and colourful life he has led, which contributed considerably to making his Doctor so unique, as, of all the actors to have played the role, his performance is easily the closest to his off-screen character.

Pertwee comes from an acting family, and it's clear that from very early on he was an extrovert of the first order. Challenge and adventure are the two things he has most consistently sought in his life, and he has found plenty of both.

Pertwee has always had a talent to amuse and to mimic the accents and idiosyncrasies of others he observes about him – in fact, he says he uses this ability to hide his more sensitive side from public

He first achieved fame in radio comedy, especially *The Navy Lark*, and by playing comic roles in a whole host of rather corny but uniquely British movies.

Inconsistencies surround the story of Pertwee's invitation to play the Doctor. He says that friends advised him to go for it, and that when he was pursuing the matter, he was amazed to find his name at the top of the shortlist. Producer Derrick Sherwin contradicts this and says others were considered first – either way, Pertwee got the job.



His first problem was how to play the part. Nervous though he was at handling it properly, he knew he wanted to play it straight – contrary to public expectation. His showy image was all his own, and Pertwee's basic nature has never really changed.

When he enters a room, everybody looks at him and him alone, and his wit, charm and style all save him from being overbearing. The same quality is apparent on the screen.

After he left the programme,

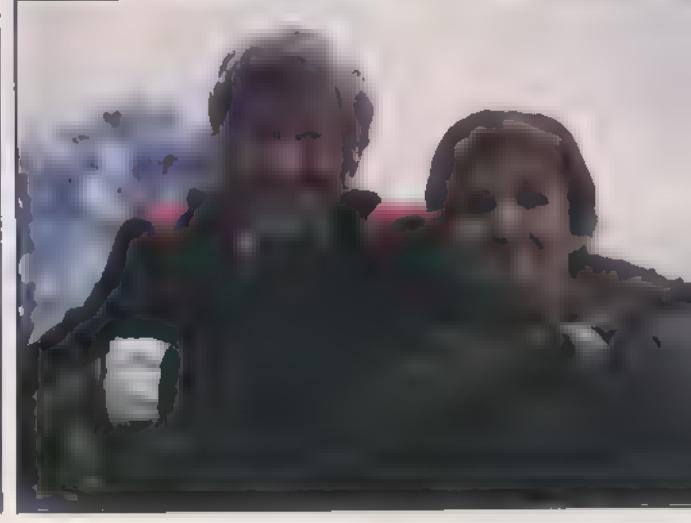
THE THIRD DOCTOR JON PERTWEE



he carried on his highly successful career on stage and in television.

His biggest triumph since leaving *Doctor Who* has been his clever portrayal of the eccentric scarecrow Worzel Gummidge, a project he is involved with to this day.

His health has always been a bit of a bugbear to him, suffering as he does from a weak back sustained through years of 'pratfalls' during cabaret routines, but he says that he has no plans to retire and will carry on until he drops – an attitude of which the Doctor would thoroughly approve!



Jon Pertwee was one of the luckiest actors to play the Doctor – lucky in the sense that his era was, virtually without exception, a success with public, press and within the business of television itself.

The years 1970 to 1974 saw the programme floating on a crest of a wave brought about by an injection of dynamic talent, solid cast playing, higher budgets and, perhaps most of all, colour, the key to a Pertwee adventure. The directors and designers on the show took every advantage of showing their flamboyant star at his showy, dashing best.

Spearhead From Space launched a season that was an invigorating breath of fresh air. It was pacy, direct and more adult than ever before. The UNIT/Earth basis may have tied the programme down for a few seasons, but it also gave a valuable inner continuity and sense of impact to the stories.

Locations were now much more of a feature of the series, and with bigger and better studio facilities now available at Television Centre, the production team had more than enough scope to create the kind of wide-ranging action/terror adventures that the era became so renowned for.

After 25 episodes of the Third Doctor's first season, his character was established; a rebel from his own world, bright, even arrogant, but with great charm and a handy sense of humour.

These qualities were to provide the backbone of the series' narrative strength for the following four seasons. Season two saw a settling down process – Jo Grant replaced Liz Shaw and the adventures were more consistent, if a little less ambitious.

The Master, turning up with deadly regularity.

The flamboyance of the star was reflected in the flamboyance of the stories – Autons massacring everything in sight, Sea Devils emerging from the deep, Ice Warriors shrouded within the corridors of a gloomy castle, Mutants screaming within light-filled caves and, of course, the Master, turning up with deadly regularity.

Memories of those years are among the most potent for the general public. Everything was



approached with such a sense of conviction, making the monsters some of the best in the show's history – creations like the Ogrons, the Draconians and the Drashigs seemed far more than mere latex and foam.

Much credit for the quality of the Pertwee stories must be attributed to the insight and understanding of the producer, Barry Letts, and the script editor, Terrance Dicks, men who implicitly believed in what they were doing.

Dicks was a great catalyst for the regular writers on the team such as Malcolm Hulke, Robert Holmes, Brian Hayles and Robert Sloman. He was a man who knew where to draw the line when it came to the frightening aspects (though there were some mistakes, *Terror of the Autons* being the most famous), but who stimulated the creation of such *Doctor Who* legends as the Sontarans and the return of the ever popular Daleks.

For many, even those who weren't so fond of this Earth based Time Lord, the Master represented the unqualified success of the era – the legacy that Pertwee's years gave the overall history of the series. Roger Delgado, who took the part, gave the performance of his life, playing the part brilliantly. The mesmerising stare, the commanding voice – they were an equal match for the Doctor and

the Master kept his position as the Doctor's 'Moriarty' figure by virtue of his consummate playing ability and ample screen presence.

The second season was the main UNIT versus the Master story line. Much in evidence was a particular strength of this period; the non-reliance on 'starry' guests, but on a large cast of actors who had the ability to lend dramatic strength to the often wildly fantastical situations in the scripts.

Every new technological trick in the book was given a try out on *Doctor Who*, some more successfully than others, but all combined to help the show look special and up to the minute. Who can forget the strange distorted angles in *The Sea Devils*,

and the impact of the crash zooms so often used by directors in those days?

The Pertwee Doctor without the Brigadier is hard to imagine.

The other regular character who deserves a special mention for his part in the success of the Pertwee era is, of course, Nicholas Courtney who was so splendidly right as the Brigadier. The Pertwee *Doctor Who* without the reassuring presence of the Brigadier is hard to imagine.

Pertwee liked to be taken seriously, so humorous elements in the stories tended to be found at the expense of his subordinates. Poor Jo suffered the most, though by the end a note of feminism had crept in to



quell this. But the Brigadier, so without a sense of humour, provided even more laughs as his pomposity and oh-so-English discipline was turned completely head over heels by the events around him.

There was always a high moral content to the Jon Pertwee stories and these two seasons were especially strong on this front. In fact, *Planet of the Daleks* is virtually anti-war propaganda, while the message behind the maggots in *The Green Death* was ecologically clear.

Gradually, as the Doctor's ability to travel was restored, the Pertwee 'colour' was expanded to other worlds, mostly very efficiently. *The Three Doctors*, in which the Doctor actually wins back his right to travel, was another milestone in the history of the show.

Tacky in places, definitely contrived, it was still a charming nod to nostalgia, and the programme's future was so wrapped up within the plot that this 'looking over the shoulder' was in no way intrusive or self-congratulatory.

The final season saw something missing from the familiar exciting Pertwee atmosphere. Perhaps this had something to do with the slick, but rather cold new title sequence, perhaps to do with the fact that Jo and the Master were no more. Delgado's death had cast a behind-the-scenes shadow, and most of the team were thinking inevitably of moving on.

Pertwee himself looked a bit tired of the whole thing, older and less dynamic. The time was coming for new challenges. *Planet of the Spiders*, which closed the Pertwee era, was one last fling - a big chase, creepy monsters and a central villain not dissimilar to the Master, though not so powerful.

Let down by some of the production values, *Planet of the Spiders* does provide a terrific and moving conclusion as that most brave of all the Doctors finds fear, fear which in order to conquer, he must face, at the cost of his life.

So he really does die as he had lived, a hero for all the people, but a moral one, true to his own conscience. Few who grew up during the Jon Pertwee era will forget the thrill of an adventure shared in his company and that of his UNIT colleagues.

Richard Marson

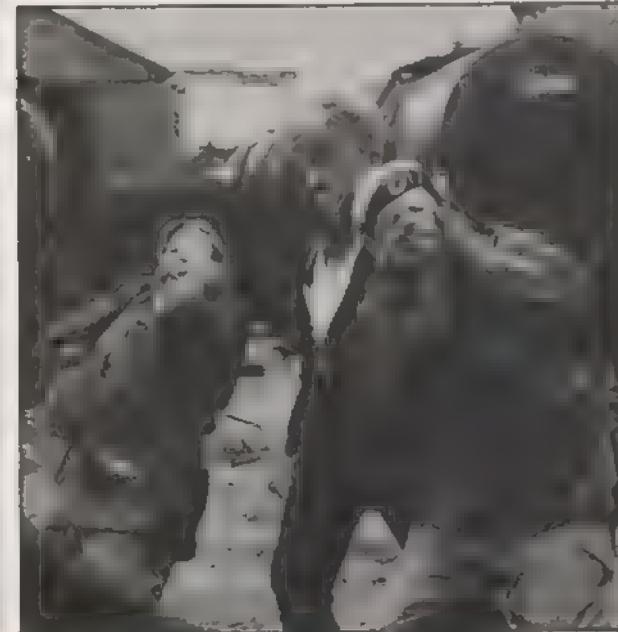


▲ Roger Delgado as The Master - an unforgettable performance



▲ The Claws of Axos

Action in Inferno. directed by Douglas Camfield. ▼



Ever wondered
what happened at...

The AUDITIONS for the SEVEN DOCTORS?

by TIM QUINN and DICK HOWELL

1963

JUST REMEMBER, BILL,
YOU'RE NOT IN THE
ARMY GAME, NOW!



1966

POSSIBLY A
LITTLE LESS
OF THE CHARLIE
CHAPLIN IN YOUR
PORTRAYAL,
PAT.



1969

I THINK WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO GIVE
YOUR COSTUME
A BIT MORE
THOUGHT,
JON!



1974

WHY ARE
ALL THOSE
SCRIPTS
BEING
CHUCKED
OUT OF
THE
WINDOWS?

WE DON'T NEED THEM
ANY MORE - TOM
BAKER'S THE NEW
DOCTOR!

1984

AND THE NICE
THING ABOUT
YOUR CONTRACT,
COLIN, IS THAT YOU
GET A GUARANTEED
18 MONTH HOLIDAY
EACH SEASON!



1981

I THINK PETER
WILL MAKE AN
EXCELLENT DOCTOR,
JUST AS SOON
AS WE GET
HIM OFF HIS...



VETERINARIAN
KICK!

IT'S A
BOY!

PLOP!



1987

YOU SAY YOU'RE
GOING TO PLAY THE
PART WITH HARTNELL'S
IRRITABILITY, CUSHING'S
SENIILITY, TROUGHTON'S
LOVABILITY, PERTWEE'S
SUAVITY, BAKER'S
INSANITY, DAVISON'S
SENSITIVITY AND
BAKER'S INTENSITY...

WILL THAT
CAUSE YOU
ANY
PROBLEMS?

YES!
NO!



DICK HOWELL

25
YEARS OF A
TIME LORDTHEY'RE BACK!
A SILVER ANNIVERSARY!25
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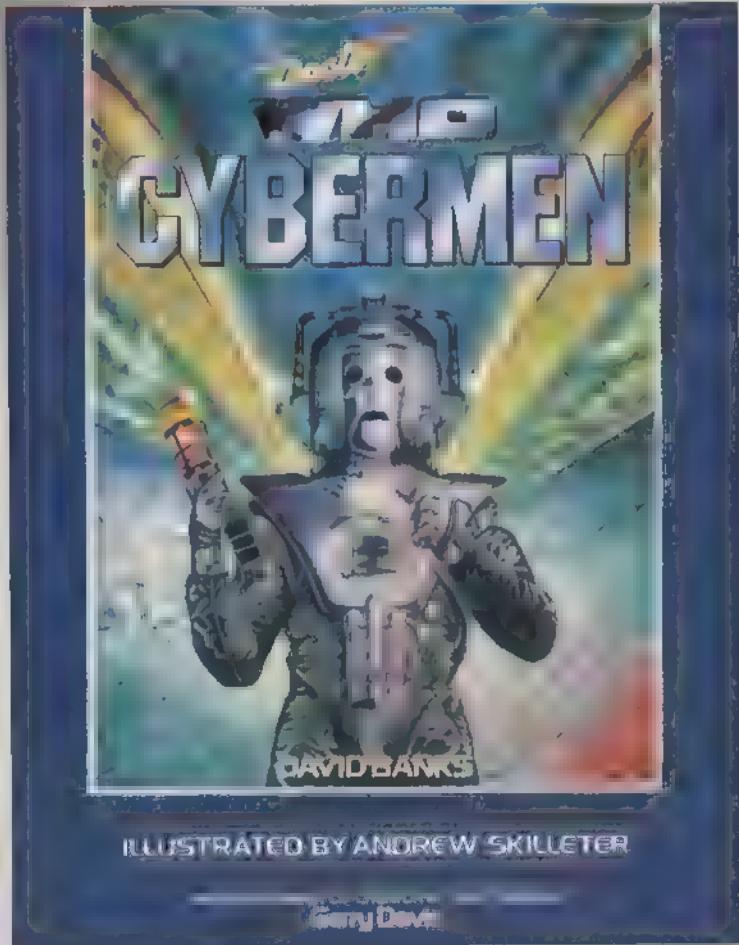
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Doctor Who © BBC 1988

STRIP

ACTION!



era), and then to *TV Action* and finally back to its first home, *TV Comic* before Polystyle decided not to renew their licence to the comic strip in 1979.

Between 1964 and 1979, several fine artists worked on the strip, with some occasionally given the chance to feature TV monsters such as the Daleks, (*TV21* having finished its stories of the pepperpot horrors), Cybermen and Quarks.

Artists such as John Canning, Harry Lindfield and Gerry Haylock are the best remembered, the latter widely regarded as one of the best illustrators to work on the strip, while Jon Pertwee portrayed the Doctor.

Since October, 1979, Marvel Comics have published a *Doctor Who* publication, first as weekly but now a monthly title.

Artists have included Dave Gibbons, John Ridgway and John Higgins, now internationally famous for their work in both Britain and the United States.

Dave Gibbons has recently drawn comic material for the *Radio Times*, who once illustrated the new seasons of *Doctor Who* with strip action themselves, the most memorable work being done by Frank Bellamy, who had worked on both *The Eagle* and *TV21*.

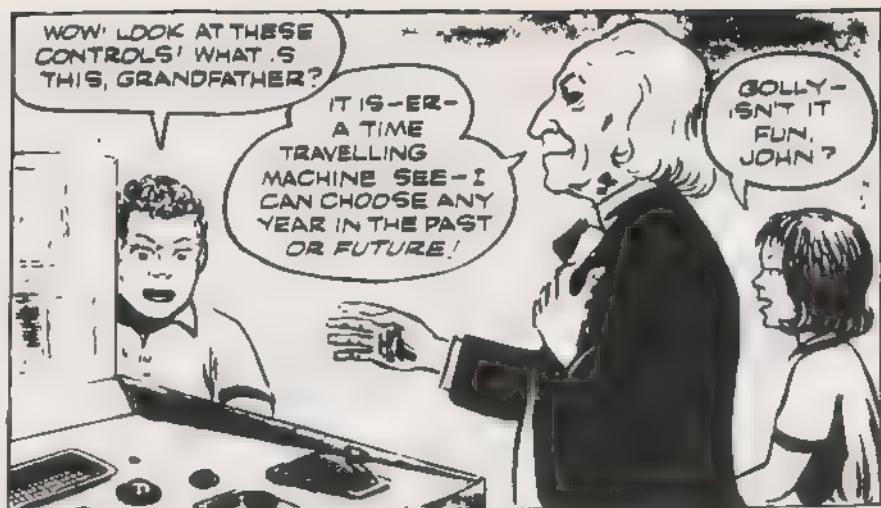
Apart from the regular magazine, Marvel have reprinted much of their early comic material for the American market as a full colour comic, and several compilations of material have been made.

Although the comic strip has often been at odds with the TV programme, in terms of what it has featured, it has enabled the good Doctor to discover people and places that he would never have found otherwise.

A good comic strip artist can create a monster that would stretch even the best Designers, and a writer can introduce a cast of thousands, unhampered by worries about the effects it would have on the unfortunately low budget of the actual television programme.

With a scope for stories much wider than *Doctor Who* on television, the popularity of *Doctor Who's* comic strip adventure remains as high as ever, enduring changes of Doctor and format almost continuously for twenty-four years. Long may it continue.

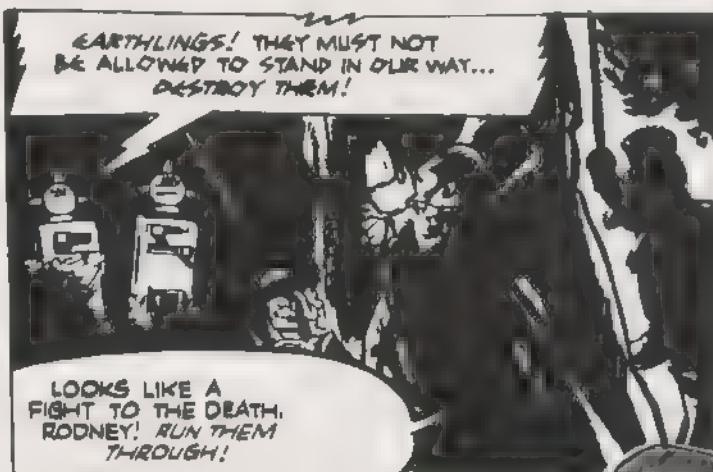
John Freeman



The First Doctor (William Hartnell), as rendered by Neville Main in *TV Comic* in 1964.



Jamie joined the Second Doctor in *TV Comic* for a time. This example is by John Canning.



The appearance of the Quarks in this *TV Comic* strip did not please their creators, Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln, who were seeking a similar merchandise agreement to their monsters as that obtained by Terry Nation. The rights to a comic strip were sold above their heads. "We were furious," said Mervyn Haisman.



Gerry Haylock and Harry Lindfield both provided their own unique interpretations of the Third Doctor, Jon Pertwee, in *Countdown*.

THE FOURTH DOCTOR TOM BAKER



"I want to play him in an individual way, with the suggestion that although he has a human body, he comes from somewhere else."

This was Tom Baker's intention when he became the youngest actor to play the Doctor, in February, 1974.

In his seven seasons, Baker always tried to imbue the character with an other-worldliness. His prominent eyes, his stature, his hypnotic voice and his apparently natural authority were all part of the most charismatic of lead characters. He was a Doctor given to frenetic bursts of manic activity, and yet who could stand aloof to think out a solution while other characters panicked around him.

As an actor, Baker was always looking for new ways to 'surprise the audience' and for new ways to convince them he was from another world. On screen he exuded an air of what his first *Who* producer Philip Hinchcliffe describes as 'Olympian detachment'.

Offscreen, Baker lived the role. He wanted to present a believable non-human character in whom the young, particularly children, could and should believe. He would sign autographs, "from the Doctor - who on earth is Tom Baker?" And he was careful never to be caught smoking by children or photographers - even insisting that a line in *The Stones Of Blood* be changed from a plea for a last cigarette to "a last toffee apple".

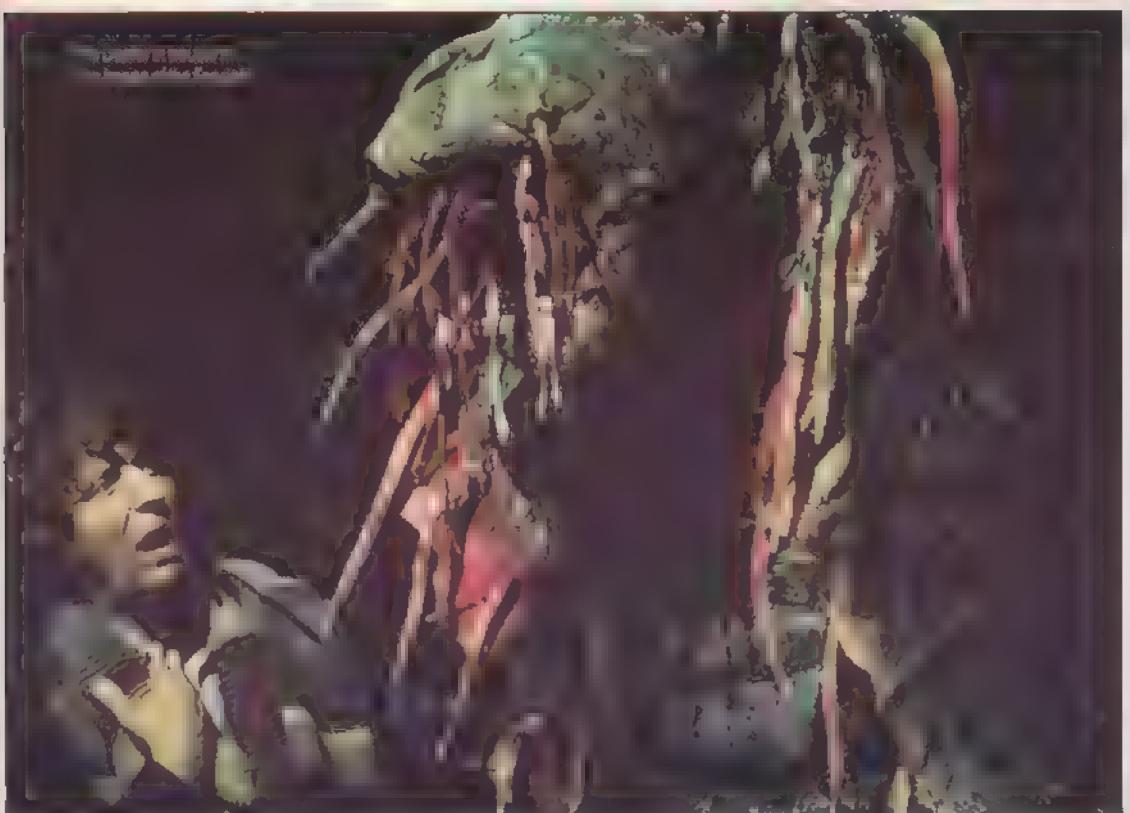
Becoming the Doctor at the age of forty, Tom Baker was best known for his portrayal of the mad Russian monk Rasputin in the film *Nicholas and Alexandra*.

When he left the series in 1981, it was hard for anyone to see him as anybody other than the Doctor, or in fact that anyone else would ever be able to adequately take over the role of the Time-lord, that many believed he had made his own.





A Comedy of Horrors



If the Tom Baker years saw Gothic horror slowly declining into camp space opera, the supposed dividing line is the arrival of Graham Williams as producer in 1977.

This popular account, however, is oversimplistic. It ignores several factors. First, the change from horror to whimsy is by no means a sudden change. Second, the final Baker season again points the show in a new direction. Lastly, the whole process is an evolution rather than a degradation.

The Gothic horror pioneered by Philip Hinchcliffe was itself a product of his knowledge of where the show had already been, and where it could be steered. The earliest Baker stories see the evolution of this theme from the Earth-based UNIT formula of the Pertwee years.

Robot, Baker's first story, is an earth-based UNIT story almost entirely in the Pertwee mould, yet the transition to the brave new world of *The Ark In Space* is effortless. *Terror Of The Zygons* brings us back to Earth, but this time with the shock horror tactics which *The Ark In Space* initiated, and which *Genesis Of The Daleks* perfected.

The Brigadier's banter with the Doctor on the importance of oil as a fuel source is perfect Pertwee, but the image of the duplicate Harry, lungeing at Sarah with a pitch fork before falling headlong to a grisly death, owes more to Hammer than Letts.

The Doctor can never be ignored, because of his physical and vocal presence.

As throughout the first three seasons, Baker's performance is key. The Doctor can never be ignored, because of his physical and vocal presence, whether he is being chased across Tulloch Moor by the Skarasen or merely a brooding figure during the Brigadier's scenes with the UNIT troops.

The horrific elements did not rely on the gross. True, Morbius's brain slopping to the floor is no less unpleasant than Shockeye's biting the head off a rat in *The Two Doctors*, but the latter is solely for effect.

What is important in *The Brain Of Morbius* is not the reaction of the viewers to the



The Doctor in conference with K9 in *The Invasion of Time*

disgusting sight, but their anticipation of the response from Solon, the evil and experimental galactic surgeon. Philip Madoc's powerful performance makes the unpleasant sight secondary to Solon's reaction and subsequent rage at his servant, Condo.

Performances of such power characterise Hinchcliffe's *Who*, be it Michael Spice's dangerously unstable Magnus Greel in *Talons Of Weng-Chiang* or Gabriel Woolf's calculatingly evil Sutekh of *Pyramids Of Mars*.

Certainly, the atmosphere and attitude of the show change with the arrival of Graham Williams, but strong characters are by no means exclusively Hinchcliffe's hallmark. To say that would be to forget the dark inhumanity of William Squire's Shadow in *Armageddon Factor*, or Bruce Purchase's blustering, bullying, vulnerable Captain from *The Pirate Planet*.

Can one see a move from overt horror to what some see as the 'camp' space opera of such shows like *The Invisible Enemy*? Look again. That show is sandwiched between two dark classics.

Horror Of Fang Rock plays on the claustrophobia of an isolated lighthouse under the control of a form-stealing alien. *Image Of The Fendahl* brings to life a creature from the legends and nightmares of man's (and Time Lord's) primeval past, and while K-9 may seem to owe much to *Star Wars*, the plot of its introductory story is rooted firmly in the science fiction horror of *Fantastic Voyage* and *Quatermass II*.

Perhaps fannish disapproval of the Graham Williams/Tom Baker era is just shortsightedness. There is often humour

Sometimes there is perhaps too much of it.

However, there is a more sophisticated level than mere slapstick. *The Horns Of Nimon* ended the Williams era prematurely after the loss of *Shada* (never completed because of a BBC strike), and would otherwise have been seen as a festive diversion for its end-of-year transmission. Some fans saw only the more obvious parallels between *The Horns Of Nimon* and the Minotaur myth. Few recognised the reason why the unstable and paranoid Nimon lives in a Power Complex.

Even the jelly babies (in evidence throughout the Hinchcliffe years) are used imaginatively. For example, in *The Invasion Of Time* they serve as a metaphor for power in the political manoeuvring between the Doctor and Castellan Kelner.

Doctor Who became a showcase for television itself.

Season 17 is usually held up as the culmination of all that is worst about the Tom Baker years. This despite the programme's popularity with the general public. This despite the way *Destiny Of The Daleks* questions the value of military deterrence. This despite the wit and panache of *City Of Death*. This despite the hard SF themes and examination of hallucinogenic drugs in *Nightmare Of Eden*.

What we saw during Tom Baker's reign as the Doctor was a blend of elements. They all go to make up good *Doctor Who*. Sometimes the Gothic was uppermost, sometimes the whimsical. Yet always, both were there.

So in *Genesis Of The Daleks*, the Doctor who debates ethics with Davros, also demands tea when he is about to be tortured by the Kaleds. And in *The City Of Death*, the Doctor who jokes with Scarioni on the violence of his butler, also rebukes his amoral attempt to alter history.

Baker's apotheosis was the Eighteenth Season, in which *Doctor Who* became a showcase for television itself, opening with the televisual *tour-de-force* of the sets, music and camera work of *The Leisure Hive*.

The Baker Doctor is immediately recognisable, despite first appearing as a jumble of clothes in a deckchair, and the familiar impish humour is evident in his cloning around with Romana at the end.

The season also contains a familiar Gothic frightener in *State Of Decay*, with the traditional elements of mysterious overlords, frightened peasants, and carnivorous bats given a fantastical twist. *The Keeper Of Traken* indicates the programme's developing interest in its own past, by reintroducing his old foe, the Master, into an art nouveau design-scape.

It is, however, appropriately *Logopolis* which captures, maybe more than any other single production, the style and atmosphere that contributed to the Tom Baker years.

There is the horror of the Master's casual destruction of human beings. There is the wit of the Doctor's lecturing to Adric. There is the comedy of the Tegan/Aunt Vanessa double act, and, for good measure, there's a threat to the whole of the Universe.

Throughout, the Doctor oversees the story with his air of detached authority, a brooding central presence even when trapped in the TARDIS. He not only accepts his final fate, he somehow transcends it, in a way that only a figure of his morality, experience and integrity could. But in making the final sacrifice, the Doctor relinquishes those very traits that made him – to all of us, always – the Doctor.

Justin Richards and
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THE DOCTOR WHO LIBRARY ADVENTURE



The psychic scream cut through the Doctor like a knife. Surprised, shocked, he fell against the shelves of his precious books in the TARDIS library.

The mental pain he felt racked every cell of his body, as if trying to twist him inside out. Books from across the centuries fell on top of him as he struggled to be free of the rage, the torture he felt from somewhere outside his time and spaceship, somewhere close – and yet not close at all.

Even as the scream got louder and louder in his head, as he felt blood vessels pounding in his temple, even then the Doctor struggled to come to terms with what he was feeling, struggled to identify and understand the source of the pain. In the face of possible death, he was the Doctor, curious, questioning and too stubborn to cease to exist.

As suddenly as it came, the scream cut off. Not even the faintest echo remained as the Doctor steadied himself against the *The Complete Works of Phuarch*, which, he mused, he really must take back to the Alexandrian Library some day. His breathing steadied; his heartbeats returned to normal. Muttering, he stood up, straightened his jacket and looked around him.

Papers, papyri and computer discs lay strewn around the library, books lay open on the white floor. It was one of those rare occasions when the Doctor was travelling alone, and a time when as usual, he wished he wasn't. He studied the chaos and wondered whether there was a message amongst it all.

"The only message here is that this whole place needs tidying!"

He put his treasured first edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* back on a shelf marked non-fiction, and started walking to the library doors...

The Doctor stopped in front of what he regarded as a hideous, Edwardian, full-length mirror and studied himself, checking for any damage.

Such an attack, cutting through the TARDIS's defences so easily, might have harmed him permanently – but the usual diminutive figure stared right back at him, eyes sparkling blue, black hair as tousled as ever. In his hand was the curious umbrella with its distinctive red question-mark handle, perhaps the most characteristic feature of his seventh regeneration.

He reached for a straw hat on a stand by the mirror, pulling a face at his reflection. A white-haired man in Edwardian tail coat, hands clasped to the lapels glared sternly back at him, as if chiding him to get on with investigating the source of the scream.

Muttering something under his breath about temporal echoes knowing their place, he made for the TARDIS Control Room, seeking some answers...

Comes he, whispered shadows around a flickering fire, bright against the black of a night sky. Unseen figures shifted from their chanting. Will help? came the urgent question. The first figure paused before it threw

another precious stick into the flames. He must. Or will die. . .

It was dark, it was cold, and Mowryk was scared. He was only nineteen, a new recruit; Tya was his first off-world posting. He deeply regretted his 'accident' in the canteen, when someone - probably Izlyr - had tripped both him and his Fastmeal all over Chief Scientist Panduraskar. His company sergeant had immediately despatched him to sentry duty in the tunnels, as punishment. Blast the Tyan terrorists!

The tunnels ran right up to the Barrier, which he had seen only once before. Now the artificial lights here suddenly flickered around him, dimmed and extinguished.

Mowryk switched on the lamp in his helmet, which cast a feeble light upon his surroundings. The tunnel walls, red in colour, loomed out of the shadows. This must have been one of the busier tunnels for the civilisation that built the Barrier, thought Mowryk.

He stared thoughtfully at the undecipherable symbols that covered the walls, wondering what had happened to those people, whose descendants were now little more than savages. His thoughts took his mind off being in the dark, being cold, being alone and - was he starting to hear things - skittering, a rustle of something, wings?

"Who's there?"

Mowryk cried out, as his lamp went out and he was thrown back into the dark. Nothing. No human reply. But there had been a noise, coming from the direction of the Barrier.

The young soldier drew his service blaster from its holster, peering down into the black. The Barrier was close, closer than he had thought. He was scared. He didn't like being so close to that strange, impenetrable alien artefact, especially in the dark.

The skittering came again, closer now, but he still saw nothing. His helmet light flickered on again, but the shadows seemed braver now, darting forward at him.

Mowryk reached for the light with his free hand, gripping the blaster tighter. A faulty connection, he thought to himself, easily fixed. The light suddenly flared into brilliance and the soldier saw everything clearly. Terrified, he raised his blaster. . .

The psychic scream was closer this time, and far more painful for the Doctor. He gripped the hard plastic tray he was carrying as if it was a lifebelt and he had been thrown into the icy seas. Staggering to the canteen table, contents of bowls spilling as he moved, the scream came again, cutting through him just as he fell into the proffered chair, just as the girl, Kalare, reached to steady him.

"Doctor? What's wrong?"

Kalare looked at the odd little scientist, concerned that he was having some sort of nervous attack. She knew how these eccentrics sometimes tended to ignore their

physical conditions to their cost, and she studied the Doctor carefully. He seemed to be coming out of it now, removing his hat with relief, wiping his brow with the colourful short scarf she had yet to see him without.

"Doctor," she said again.

"I'm all right, really," the Doctor replied, looking up at the young scientist, a weak smile on his face. He stared right into her green eyes, almost as if he was willing her to believe him. There was a force of will about him that she found suddenly daunting.

"I, I thought you were going to collapse for a minute," she commented, feebly.

"It's passed now." The Doctor reached for his curious umbrella, unscrewed the red handle and pretended to be taking a pill from the hidden compartment in it. He made great play of swallowing the non-existent pill, dismissing the incident to the friendly girl, whilst furiously trying to pick up any vestigial thoughts from whatever had sent the call of alarm.

He looked around the crowded canteen, filled with soldiers and scientists. No-one else seemed to have been affected.

"Tell me again how Space Command discovered this Barrier you mentioned," he asked, diverting her fears.

"Didn't you read your briefing documents on the way in from Charon?" she asked. "You surely can't have found something else to do on the shuttle!"

"Ah, space travel doesn't agree with me too well," he replied, looking away at the nearest soldiers. "I'm afraid I find it difficult to concentrate at all."

"Well, you know that Tya's been an outpost world for over three hundred years. In fact, it's right on the frontier with the Shuran Empire, which is why there's such a military presence here. Recently, Space Command authorised an archaeological excavation on the planet and the Barrier was soon discovered."

"Has anyone identified it?"

Kalare shook her head. "My field's radionics, and it's beyond me. A few Tyan natives still live here, you know. They must have had an incredible grasp of technology at one time, but not any more." At this, she gestured at one of the short, red-skinned creatures clearing a table nearby. "The military use them for menial work, stuff they wouldn't waste a robot on." The Doctor sniffed in disapproval.

"The Barrier's completely impenetrable, forming a globe in the centre of the planet. You can imagine the implications."

"I'm sure the military must be very interested."

Kalare nodded. "Our spaceships' force screens are nothing like as powerful as this thing. Space Command want the secret. Relations with the Shurans aren't good, and there may be a war. The secrets of Barrier technology could give us the edge in any battle."

"Then of course there's the technology that might be behind that Barrier." The

Doctor stared thoughtfully at a stick of celery on his plate.

"Do you want to see it?" she asked.

He smiled, getting up quickly. "If that's no problem."

Kalare led the Doctor from the canteen, pausing only to talk to a couple of colleagues on the way. He was puzzled by the whole affair. Quite apart from the strange mental attacks that seemed directed at him, the Doctor had found no account of Tya's civilisation in the TARDIS data banks.

In fact, when he had tried to make a time sweep of the planet's history from the safety of his ship, the TARDIS had materialised near the spaceship landing field just as the latest shuttle had arrived.

He had easily managed to mingle with the latest batch of scientists to arrive on Tya, and met Kalare shortly afterwards.

It was obvious that the humans here were operating on Tya under strict security. Either they weren't underestimating the Shuran threat - a race he'd never dealt with - or there were problems closer to home.

Patrols were regular, and it was only Kalare's position as one of the long-time science staff that got them to the Barrier without difficulty. The Doctor suddenly remembered that he'd left all his identification in a coat used at least two regenerations ago.

The Barrier was an impressive sight. A tunnel went straight up to a wall of glowing silver, stretching right across the tunnel mouth. An ion cannon was bombarding it continually, the operation supervised by a man who was shouting angrily at his juniors.

He was a tall, broad shouldered man, well dressed, with the patches of his rank in clear evidence on his neatly pressed uniform. The Doctor was immediately reminded of the Brigadier, and groaned inwardly.

"Good day, Kalare." He even sounded like the Brigadier, thought the Doctor.

"Good day, Chief Scientist Panduraskar," Kalare replied in a voice stilted with formality. "Any progress?"

Panduraskar glanced at the Doctor, then turned back toward the ion cannon. Even standing behind a protective screen, the impact of its beam on the Barrier was nearly blinding.

"I'm confident the Barrier will be broken soon," he replied.

"Tell me, how long has that ion cannon been in operation?" asked the Doctor. Panduraskar looked at Kalare, questioning.

"This is the Doctor," Kalare explained. "He came in with the last shuttle from Charon."

"Hmm. We have been attempting penetration for the last twelve days."

"And the Barrier? Any sign of weakening?"

"None, but. . ."

"Impressive. It seems you're hopelessly

out-classed here." The Doctor strode up to the cannon, to talk to the operators.

Panduraskar fumed at Kalare. He felt humiliated. "Get that man out of my sight, back with the other busy-bodies," he hissed. "You had no right to bring him here!"

"Chief Scientist, surely any help at this stage is welcome—" The conversation was interrupted. A soldier came running up, ashen-faced.

"What is it, Izlyr?" Panduraskar snapped. The Doctor hurried back to Kalare's side.

"An accident sir, in the tunnels. Private Mowryk. . ."

"Yes?"

"He's dead, sir."

"When did he die?"

"About an hour ago sir, according to the Autop."

"When we were in the canteen, Kalare," said the Doctor.

"Yes, about then. Is that important?"

"I think that you had better show us the body," the Doctor urged Izlyr. "I have a feeling there is something very wrong here!"

As the three of them hurried off, Panduraskar turned back to the ion cannon with a snort of contempt. "Spare me these distractions. . ."

Nearer he is, said the shadows. Whole soon? Asked the shadows. Soon, they whispered.

The Doctor pulled a magnifying glass from his pocket and studied the body of the young soldier, apparently crushed in a rockfall. "Bring that light nearer, would you?" he said, not looking up.

"Hantara! Light!" shouted Sergeant Izlyr, who had brought Kalare and the Doctor to the scene of the accident. The Doctor looked up, startled. He was confronted by the sight of a native, being pushed towards the body, a torch in hand. Its eyes were wide with fright, trying hard not to look at the body.

"There's no need for that!" snapped Kalare.

"Absolutely not," added the Doctor, reaching for the torch, smiling at the native. "I'm the Doctor. How do you do?"

"The natives don't talk, Doctor," Kalare explained as the native stared back at the time traveller, unblinking.

"What a pity. I'm sure they must have some tales to tell, hmm?"

"Doctor, the body?"

"What? Oh, yes." He bent over the body once more, Kalare beside him. The Tyan shuffled off, out of the ring of light. The Doctor picked up the hand of the corpse and examined it closely. "No accident this—look at these slash marks on the face and neck."

"A rockfall couldn't have done such damage!"

"No. Hello, there seems to be something under this poor boy's fingernails. . ."

Gingerly, he pulled the matter away, examining it under his glass. It looked like hard skin. "I think it's chitin. . ." Kalare peered at it, puzzled.

"Are you sure, Doctor?"

"Yes, definitely part of an exoskeleton of some kind. Arthropods all have them. Crustaceans, spiders, insects. . ."

"Doctor—the Shurans are insectoid. Do you think there could be some operating down here?"

"It's possible," the Doctor replied. "Perhaps Mowryk came across one. We'd better at least tell Panduraskar about this." The Doctor stood up, looking at the walls of the tunnel. The Tyan symbols stared back, impassive. "Interesting," he mused.

He knows, whispered the shadows. But will he know in time?



“I refuse to believe this nonsense!” shouted Panduraskar, annoyed at being distracted once more from the ion cannon. “You expect me to believe that an enemy force is in operation on this base?”

“It’s not unknown in the history of warfare,” snapped the Doctor, “whatever the standards of security!”

“How dare you!”

“But Chief Scientist,” cut in Kalare, “the chitin we found, that could only have come from an arthropod, like the Shurans!”

Kalare pulled the Doctor’s sleeve, urgently. “Come on, Doctor. I think you’ve irritated him enough.”

“Not yet, I haven’t.”

“Doctor!”

“All right! I suppose we had better make a move. It’s quite obvious no-one else is going to!” Spinning his umbrella, the traveller stormed off, heading for the tunnels once more.

“Nonsense! You seem to forget, the Tyans are arthropods, too.”

“The Tyans?” said the Doctor, looking at a placid native working nearby. “They strike me as overly peaceable! To their own cost, I might add!”

“The natives have tried to thwart our penetration of the Barrier since we started. Kalare will tell you how many times we’ve caught one or more of them sabotaging equipment down here.”

“Have they killed anyone?”

“No, but that’s no reason why they should not escalate their interference.” Panduraskar turned angrily away from the Doctor. “I will not have the military sent on some pointless search for non-existent Shurans!” thundered the scientist. “Especially on the say-so of a scientist that dresses like a clown!”

“Your arrogance is matched only by your ignorance!” retorted the Doctor. “Now, who did I say that to last time. . . ?”

The Chief Scientist spun round, fuming. “Get this, this IDIOT out of my sight!”

“Are you sure this is a good idea, Doctor?” Kalare looked nervously around, peering into the darkness of the tunnel where Mowryk had been killed. “I mean, if there are Shurans around. . .”

“Well, we won’t find them without looking, will we? Don’t worry. I really wanted to look at these symbols.”

Kalare followed the Doctor’s gaze. “The language is incomprehensible,” she commented.

“But you said yourself that the natives don’t talk. Why would they develop a written language?”

He began to walk down the tunnel, towards the Barrier. Kalare turned suddenly, thinking she heard something, but saw nothing.

“Now, supposing this isn’t words,” continued the Doctor, “supposing it’s mathematical formulae. . .”

Kalare peered at the walls again. “I don’t see what you’re getting at.”

“Oh come now, I can’t believe someone with your obvious talent can be so blind!”

“There’s no need to be so arrogant, Doctor,” Kalare snapped. “Sometimes it’s as if you’re another person altogether!”

The Doctor looked at her quizzically for a moment, then pointed at various symbols on the wall. “This has been added to, again and again, over many generations. This symbol here,” he pointed at a triangle, “is one of the most recent. Everything seems more recent as we approach the Barrier.”

Thus time, Kalare had no doubts. Behind them, she heard a skittering sound, getting closer. The Doctor appeared oblivious.

“Now, let’s examine the facts. The Tyans don’t talk, and yet they obviously possess some intelligence. They also seem to want to protect the Barrier from Panduraskar.”

“True, the military have even shot some of them. They see them as little less than vermin.”

“A big mistake.”

The skittering was closer now. It sounded like crickets, talking to each other in the dark. She shuddered.

“Now then, perhaps the Tyans are telepathic?”

“Telepathic? It’s a rarity. Thought-reading races tend to go insane very quickly.”

“Yes, usually in contact with humans,” the Doctor replied, looking again at the symbols. “You know, it’s as if this formula is working to some conclusion. . .”

The Doctor and Kalare were almost up against the Barrier now, this section as bright as the part being bombarded by the ion cannon.

“I think I’m right!” shouted the Doctor excitedly. “It all calculates perfectly! The whole thing is the blueprint for the Barrier itself!”

The traveller ran up to the Barrier, rapping it with his umbrella. “Now, if that triangle is a symbol for pi. . .”

“Doctor!” screamed Kalare suddenly. “I think we have company!”

The Doctor turned as Kalare ran toward him. From out of the shadows, three hideous looking creatures emerged, clawed, vile things, slavering from wicked mouths carved in hell.

“Shuran raiders,” whispered Kalare. “They’re killing machines. Nothing can stop them. We’re finished!”

The Doctor put his arm protectively around the scientist. “You must be the chaps who killed Mowryk.” He spoke quickly, accusingly. “You left a calling card. Very careless. The military know you’re here, you won’t get away with killing us!”

“The military know nothing,” rasped one of the Shurans, stepping closer to the two explorers. “We are sure of that. . .”

“If you’re going to kill us,” said the Doctor, “perhaps you’d at least do us the decency of telling us why you are here.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” replied the Shuran. “What better way to destroy a soul than to send it to *Hagra* with a question un-

answered on its lips!”

The Shuran raised itself up, its exoskeleton creaking, skittering as it moved to its full height. Wicked claws swung down at the Doctor and Kalare. Kalare covered her eyes. The Doctor’s snapped open.

“Of course, it’s not *pi*! It’s –”

Silver light, bright light. The Doctor picked himself up from a metallic floor and grinned. Kalare looked around.

“Where are we?” she asked.

“Inside the Barrier,” replied the Doctor. “Look.”

Directly ahead of them, the three Shuran warriors were thumping the Barrier, enraged at the escape of their prey. “They must be after the Barrier secrets too,” mused the Doctor.

“But how did we get through it?” Kalare was confused.

“We fell through it,” said the Doctor, looking around. There was little to see. “I would have got through sooner, but my mathematics is sometimes a little rusty. The symbols on the wall were a mathematical password. They just needed a few more calculations to make it work.”

“You calculated the thing? Without a computer?”

“I would have been quicker, but I missed a decimal point the first time through it. The Shurans distracted me.”

“The. . . Shurans. . . distracted you. . .” Who was this scientist, thought Kalare.

“Shall we explore?” The Doctor gave her a disarming smile and began to wander off. She ran after him.

“This place is so peaceful,” Kalare whispered. “Like a shrine. . .”

“A bit dull though, isn’t it. As if something’s missing. . .”

You are not my children. The voice was in their heads, all around them. Who are you?

“How do you do?” said the Doctor. “It seems to be a day for quick introductions. . .”

You are the One called to help, came the voice again.

“Ah, that explains a lot,” replied the Doctor.

I must be Whole. The children must be with me.

“I quite agree, but what do you want me to do?” The Doctor seemed to know exactly what was going on, thought Kalare. She could not work out where the voice was coming from. She was terrified, but felt reassured by the Doctor now. At least he was human, for all his strangeness!

There must be no more pain, came the voice again. My children must be part of the Whole.

“Who are you, exactly?” asked Kalare.

The ones who find pleasure in killing must be stopped, said the voice, ignoring her. Bring my children into me.

There was a blinding flash and the Doctor and Kalare were by the ion cannon, surrounded by Shurans.



"I'm so glad you've returned," said Panduraskar. Dead and wounded soldiers lay strewn about, butchered. "I believe you escaped my friends, three days ago, and penetrated the Barrier."

"Three days ago . . ." whispered Kalare, gripping the Doctor's arm.

"I wondered why the Shurans were so sure of themselves," said the Doctor. "Now I know. Tell me, what's in this for you?"

"Why, power of course," replied the treacherous Panduraskar. "If I open the Barrier and discover its secrets, the Shurans will reward me highly."

"They'll reward you all right," snapped Kalare. "As soon as you give them what they want, they'll kill you!"

Panduraskar laughed. "This has been pleasant, but I must have the secret now."

"I'll need a Tyran to give you a safe passage through the Barrier," replied the Doctor. "It really isn't safe doing it any other way."

"Doctor! You're not going to help them?" Kalare was stunned.

He turned to her. "I don't have any choice. They'll kill us if I don't."

"But Doctor!"

"Your Tyran, Doctor." A beaten, scarred native was thrown to the ground next to the traveller and Kalare. The Doctor helped it up, carefully.

"I have something for you," he muttered, touching the creature's head.

The Tyran looked at him, wide-eyed, as if astonished. Then, slowly, it began to glow, shimmering from red to blue to gold, changing, growing, developing.

"What did you do?" asked Kalare.

"I gave it the completed formula," said the Doctor. "Quite an impressive result, don't you think?"

The Shurans were not so pleased. "He has tricked you!" shouted their leader, lashing out at Panduraskar.

"I didn't know!" he screamed. "Please!" It was too late. The Shuran ripped him apart without a qualm.

"Treachery is rewarded," it hissed, turning on the Doctor, "Whatever form it ranks. You will not escape again."

"Oh, I think I will," he replied. "Look around you."

Tyans appeared everywhere, floating in mid-air, part in rock, part not. The Shuran hissed, letting fly at the nearest one with a blaster. It passed through the Tyans harmlessly, who smiled. The Tyans reached out, touching each Shuran once. At once, the vile creatures gave a scream, then seemed to be sucked into the glowing children as they changed. It was over in moments.

We were too late to save all the lives, thought one Tyran to Kalare and the Doctor. We cannot absorb what has passed.

"The Shurans are part of you?" asked Kalare.

They are also part of the Whole replied the Tyran.

"Well, I expect you'll want to be moving on," said the Doctor. "It's been interesting."

We will not forget your assistance, the Tyran replied again.

"I get the feeling I had little choice in the matter."

Perhaps.

The shining children moved as one toward the Barrier and disappeared inside it.

"Doctor," whispered Kalare, "just what happened here?"

"Evolution, my dear," replied the traveller, sighing. "Change. Something you never get used to."

Days later, the Doctor stood with Kalare outside the TARDIS.

"You're sure you'll be all right?" he asked, looking at her. "I could take you away from here, you know."

"I'll be fine, Doctor," Kalare replied, smiling. "Space Command have been alerted and a shuttle should be here very soon. Besides, I don't think I could get used to your lifestyle."

"People don't, generally. Well, goodbye then." The Doctor shook her hand and opened the door of the TARDIS. Kalare thought she glimpsed a huge control room inside, but that was of course quite ridiculous. The blue box was far too small. The Doctor turned, pulled the door closed again. "Kalare," he said. "Thank you."

"For what, Doctor? I should be thanking you!"

"You've been a true friend, Kalare," he replied, "if all too briefly. I have so few, you know."

The traveller touched her cheek, smiled, and then stepped alone into the TARDIS. There was a grinding, wheezing sound. Kalare's eyes widened in astonishment, as the blue box faded out of existence, and vanished as if it had never been. ♦



THE FIFTH DOCTOR PETER DAVISON



"It's the end ... but the moment has been prepared for."

Gone was the unflappable, confident man of words, replaced by someone whose mind seemed three steps ahead of everyone else's. Words stumbled over themselves in an effort to be heard, and his attire indicated a wry humour beneath the youthful, trusting exterior. He could be sulky, investigative, fun-loving and heroic all in one.

But still he had a strong moral outlook and regard for life, both human and alien. This Doctor used discussion as a weapon, seldom resorting to violence.

He could silently grieve at the death of a friend, he could frustratingly ponder the futility of meaningless slaughter, and empathise with a poor twisted wretch who only wanted reunion with his lost love.

In his final showdown, the Doctor was well matched. Both he and Sharaz Jek hid their true natures under a mask, and both needed companionship. Both manipulated people and events to gain the outcome they desired and both were more concerned with the fate of an innocent girl than with their own fight.

Ultimately, the Doctor gave up his body for the sake of his friend – the greatest sacrifice he could make.



The Human Hero

Peter Davison was perhaps one of the more unlikely choices of actor to play the Doctor. Not because of any lack of ability, but simply because he was already a well known face on television, through his work on *All Creatures Great And Small*.

Following on from Tom Baker was not going to be an easy task whoever took the role. To many, Baker was the Doctor and the trademark of the hat and scarf is still with the programme today, some eight years after he left.

Speculation had been widespread as to who would be chosen to take over the role. A great many people favoured a return to the Hartnell era, with an older actor playing the Time-lord. Many people were therefore surprised and disappointed when Peter Davison was announced as the replacement – a younger actor, playing the role in a more dynamic manner.

However, any lingering doubts as to Davison's suitability were soon assuaged as he launched himself into the superb Nineteenth Season. *Carnivala* was a fine debut story, even if the Doctor was suffering from post regeneration trauma. The Fifth Doctor was already emerging as the dashing young hero of many a film and book; one who would always win through and succeed, whatever the odds.

One of the greatest dilemmas that the Doctor has had to face.

It wasn't until *Earthshock* that this new Doctor really blossomed. This story featured not only the return of the Cybermen but also perhaps one of the

greatest dilemmas that the Doctor has had to face.

Adric, the young Alzarian travelling with the Doctor, sacrificed his life to try to avert a disaster that could not be averted. But what was the Doctor to do? He could not rescue Adric using the *TARDIS*, as that would break the laws of time, but he grieved with Tegan and Nyssa at the loss of his friend.

As well as the dilemma over Adric, there was another very telling scene in this story, which tends to be overshadowed by the climactic final. While the Doctor was trapped on the freighter bridge, the Cyberleader forced him into emotional blackmail ... Do what we say or Tegan dies!

This scene followed a marvellously emotive speech from the Timelord. This sort of rumination by the Doctor is rare at the best of times (perhaps only the First and Fourth Doctors have pulled it off successfully) but with Davison it was truly believable; the actor's skull made the words more meaningful than might have been expected. "[Emotions] also enhance life! When did you last have the pleasure of smelling a flower, watching a sunset, eating a well-prepared meal?" To which the Cyberleader replied: "These things are irrelevant." Leaving the last word for the Doctor: "For some people, small beautiful events is what life is all about!" A very human and emotional statement coming from a Doctor who was shaping up to be perhaps the most nearly human Doctor to date.

Davison had certainly made an impact and this was followed up in the Twentieth Season, in particular the *Guardian* trilogy: *Mawdryn Undead*, *Terminus* and



Enlightenment. Here we were introduced to a new Companion, Turlough, but instead of stumbling upon the *TARDIS* by accident, he was working with the Black Guardian, one of the Doctor's most evil and enigmatic foes, to destroy the Timelord.

However, it seems that it is impossible to travel with the Doctor for a time without being affected by his moral goodness. Turlough, despite his promises to the *Guardian*, despite his natural greed and lust for power, could not ultimately betray the Doctor and rejected the offer of ultimate, yet corrupt power in exchange for the Doctor's life.

The Doctor was seen to care for his friends.

As the stories progressed, so we saw more and more of the human side of the Doctor. Whether playing cricket in England or reaching for his inner strength to defeat the mind-possessing Mara, the Doctor was by far the most accessible of the Doctors to date. You could relate to him rather than to his Companions (who were an odd bunch at the best of times), and viewers grew rather fond of the breathless enthusiasm that he brought to each new adventure.

And adventures was what the Doctor had; on Earth, on Fron-



Four to Doomsday



Frontios



Planet of Fire



Warriors of the Deep

toos, on Gallifrey ... everywhere there was evil to be fought and, inevitably, death. Unfortunately death seemed to follow the Doctor and finally caused Tegan, the Fifth Doctor's longest serving Companion, to leave him after a terrifying battle with the Daleks.

"A lot of good people have died today - I think I'm sick of it ... It's stopped being fun, Doctor." There was, in this moment, as with the leaving or loss of all the Fifth Doctor's friends, a genuine sadness that brought a lump to the throat. Gone were the days of cold farewells; the Doctor was seen to care for his friends, and they for him - something that had previously

been reserved for the first three Doctors.

This care was fully realised in Davison's superb finale, *The Caves of Androsani*. Here we saw the hero at his best. He protected his friend from the attentions of an unwanted suitor, provided courage in the face of adversity, and finally sacrificed himself so that she would live. This proved a suitable and fitting epitaph to the reign of the Fifth Doctor.

Davison was, in retrospect, an excellent choice of actor, bringing a youthful vitality to the character and an energy that was exciting and very memorable to watch.

David Howe



Nostalgia



In the year of its 25th anniversary, of all the many memories *Doctor Who* evokes, what stands out most from its history in the minds of its followers: the seven eccentric Doctors, some of the more appealing Companions, or the terrifying monsters? What made *Doctor Who* so popular right from the start?

One key ingredient in the show's original recipe was the theme tune, the like of which had never been heard on British television before. That throbbing, hissing electronic score, coupled with the bizarrely patterned title sequence, almost entranced early viewers into watching the drama that followed.

The first episode authentically established the lore of *Doctor Who*, with the revelation of the mysterious old traveller and his impossible time machine. Viewers shared in Ian and Barbara's shock and fascination, once they'd forced entry into the Police Box and found themselves within the miraculous dimensions of the TARDIS.

The show's early success was cemented by the introduction in December 1963 of creatures that were to become legendary. Barbara's journey through the claustrophobic underground maze of an alien city came to a dead end, as she backed against a wall screaming at an unseen pursuer. A suction pad bobbed into view as the picture faded to black at the end of the episode... When three full length Daleks glided into view the following week, exhibiting for the first time their grating voices and powers of extermination, their immortality was just beginning.

The Daleks' second story, *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, elevated them to a playground cult, with schoolchildren re-enacting the battles they were watch-

ing on television between mankind and their Dalek oppressors. The story was a blitz of thrilling action, such as Barbara's journey across a devastated London, dodging Dalek patrols by famous landmarks, and the well-remembered scene when Ian and the Doctor watched a Dalek rise from the Thames.

Carole Ann Ford's decision to leave the show came as quite a surprise, as it marked the first change in the regular cast. In a rather moving scene, the old Doctor had to say farewell to his beloved 'granddaughter' Susan, who remained on Earth with her newfound lover.

The following year, 1965, featured many popular enemies: people still can remember the conflict between the Chumby robots and the all-female Drahvins; the amusing moment when the meddling Monk (Peter Butterworth) peered in exasperation into the miniature dimensions of his own TARDIS, reduced thanks to the Doctor; and the Daleks' battle against the flame-throwing Mechanoids, a very tightly-edited sequence for the time.

Many remember the story with 'the giant ants'. As with the majority of *Doctor Who* monsters, appearances prove less forgettable than names. The Zarbi were just one of a whole array of alien species inhabiting *The Web Planet* – all of which were designed loosely on Earth insects. These creatures were rather clumsy in execution, but the alien feel of the misty lunar landscape was extremely effective.

'The Web Planet was definitely one of the more unsettling stories for me, filmed in semi-darkness. The giant ant-like Zarbi shuffling around just off screen remain vividly in the memory.'

*Laurence Price,
Weston-Super-Mare*

"...giant ant-like Zarbi shuffling around."

A milestone in the show's history came later in the same year, with the twelve-episode *Dalek Master Plan*. This epic adventure, although powerfully oppressive, had a comic strip dynamism, as the Doctor tried to stop the Daleks from conquering the Universe. This exciting premise gave rise to many classic encounters between the two protagonists, but perhaps most indelible are the deaths of Companions Katarina and Sara – genuinely shocking tragedies.

The original Cybermen were visually so striking, with their headlamps, gaping blank eyes and cloth faces. They were not just machines, but Cybermen, with human hands. The main thing that stands out in my memory, however, is their uncanny sing-song voices, which helped to create a feeling of utter desolation.

Nick Needham,
Leith,
Edinburgh.

1966 was a fallow year, with only the realm of *The Celestial Toymaker* standing out among the mundane. People were turning off from *Doctor Who* and therefore many were to miss the Doctor's first meeting with the Cybermen in *The Tenth Planet*, and what seemed an amazingly dangerous gamble – the change of lead actor.

It was an innovation that would eventually become a tradition. The old Doctor, a shadow of his former self, collapsed on the floor of the TARDIS. The time machine seemed to take over, dials moved independently, and the floor pulsed with energy, as the face of William Hartnell bled electronically into Patrick Troughton's.

Not only the lead character, but the whole programme was due for a facelift. The new Doctor was not an instant hit, but audiences gradually warmed to the integrity of Troughton's performance. Also proving popular were his Companions, Ben and Polly from modern London, and historically-based Jamie and Victoria. Companions were suddenly becoming heroes and sex symbols.

The late Sixties were the heyday of the *Doctor Who* monster, with story after story featuring excellent designs from the costume department, which were generally more convincing than those that had gone before.



▲ Ian and his Thals allies in trouble in *The Daleks*. Photo: Raymond Cusick

The Cybermen, in redesigned form, would gain almost as great a notoriety as the Daleks over the next few years. *The Moonbase* had a number of tense set pieces: a Cyberman's ghost-like appearance at Jamie's bedside; the Doctor's realisation that a Cyberman was hiding in one of the hospital beds; the march of the Cyber army towards the base, with a view of their stamping boots filling the screen; and their amusing defeat when the Doctor degravitated them and sent them floating off into space.

Two all-time classics came back-to-back in the Second Doctor's travels. First, *The Evil of the Daleks*, which took him from 1966 Chelsea to the haunting Hammer-style mansion in Victorian times, and then on to a dramatic encounter with the Emperor of the Daleks and the spectacular civil war in which Daleks began destroying Daleks.

Secondly, *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, which will always be highly regarded among fans as a classic chiller. The archaeologists' progress underground was a voyage in suspense – from the huge entrance, where one of their number was electrocuted, through the various hi-tech ante-chambers, to the large hatchway leading down to the tombs.

Having eventually discovered the honeycomb of cells in which the Cybermen had been frozen, they watched appalled as, with eerie, jerky movements, the creatures came back to life. To their familiar musical refrain, the Cybermen burst out of their cells and climbed down to surround the humans.

'The Troughton era has always been my favourite. It was so realistic and frightening because of the fact that the Second Doctor was really scared of the monsters, which made them doubly frightening, and his ineptitude always made you feel that maybe he might actually lose.'

Neil Macpherson,
Swanley.

Among the *melee* of Macra, Quarks, Chameleons and Seaweed monsters, two further creations were to stand out – the Yeti and the Ice Warriors. The

...gaping blank eyes and cloth faces."



▲ Colourful fantasy in *The Celestial Toymaker*

"The Second Doctor was really scared of the monsters."

ferocious Yeti were a fascinatingly ludicrous concept, robot pawns of an alien intelligence trying to invade Earth via a Tibetan monastery. The 300-year-old monk, kept barely alive in his secret sanctum and the mass of fungus oozing down the mountain slopes were horrifying images.

The Yeti's return story, *The Web of Fear*, was far superior, a multi-layered nightmare set in London's tube systems.

The Ice Warriors appeared in two adventures opposite the Second Doctor. Their debut serial was marginally superior, benefitting from the contrast between the might of the Martians and the vulnerability of their hostage, Victoria – one of the show's greatest screamers.

'My memories of Fury From the Deep are a little vague, but the ending of episode one, where foam rushed through the ventilation grille, and the whole claustrophobic atmosphere of the refinery itself, gave me a fascination for my mother's washing machine on wash day, on which I used to play Doctor Who with my toy Camberwick Green figures.'

Derek Hicks,
Harwood,
Bolton

As the Sixties drew to a close, so did the black-and-white era of *Doctor Who*. Episode ten of *The War Games* saw the Doctor on trial by the Time Lords, at long last satisfying the public by solving the enigma of the Doctor's past, but at the same time sacrificing some of the show's essential naivety and magic. But bigger changes and a new lead actor were in the offing . . .

Jon Pertwee blazed onto the tv screen in January, 1970, displaying a higher degree of heroism and sophistication than his predecessors, unashamedly plagiarising *The Avengers*, with the Doctor as an eccentric dandy, driving around in a vintage car, accompanied by a young woman whose mind was as sharp as her figure. It was a tremendously successful formula and the UNIT team is still remembered with great affection today.

Pertwee's first opponents, the Nestenes, were an imaginative concept – an entity with an affinity for any form of plastic, which resulted in armchairs suffocating their occupants, a hideous doll coming to life on the back of a car seat, a telephone flex strangling the Doctor, and the activation of the Autons.

The Autons came in several forms but were most impressive in *Spearhead from Space* as sailors' dummies, breaking out of shop windows and massacring innocent shoppers.

Haunting images, of which Pertwee's first season was full, included the rogue Silurian roaming on the moor, the Silurians' infiltration of the humans' base by melting through rock, and the ghost-like alien astronauts with a deadly touch.

The season culminated in *Inferno*, a dramatic *tour de force*, in which the Doctor met far from friendly counterparts of his UNIT colleagues and witnessed the end of a parallel Earth. Despite poor make-up, the savagery of the Primords was terrifying, particularly those in an early stage of transformation that the Doctor ran across on top of a gasometer.

A character to rival the Doctor in the audience's favours was the Master. Magnetically sinister with his dark looks and black suit, his imagination brimming with dire schemes – the Master was a perfect foil for the Third Doctor. His most magnificent hour came in *The Daemons*, when he posed as the leader of a black magic cult, bringing into being a creature that was in the very image of the Devil.

The Daemons is rightly regarded as the essential *Doctor Who* story. Its climactic peaks are too numerous to list, but who can forget the end of episode one, when the barrow was opened, unleashing a storm of evil that devastated all in its path? Or the moment when the Master exultantly revealed the Daemon to Jo at the end of episode four?

With the return of the Daleks and the Ice Warriors the following year, and the celebrated success of *The Sea Devils*, *Doctor Who* was regaining a high public profile, and with the show's 10th anniversary just around the corner, viewers were about to receive what they had demanded of the BBC for a long time – a reunion of all three Doctors.



▲ The Doctor, Jamie and Zoe (Wendy Padbury)

The Three Doctors was Doctor Who at its self-indulgent best, and a nostalgic treat for those people who'd followed the show from the beginning.

'The one with those giant maggots' is the somewhat squeamish reference to the highly-lauded 1973 serial, *The Green Death*, in which the Doctor and Jo became lost in a coal mine. In the cliffhanger ending of episode two the passage before them was flooded with a pool of green slime and the ceiling behind had just collapsed.

Then through the rubble crawled three nauseating maggots, hissing viciously from behind fanged mouths . . . Another classic cliffhanger ended with Jo reading quietly to herself, oblivious of a huge maggot crawling towards her, preparing to lunge at her throat.

'I felt very sad when Jo left at the end of The Green Death. She had become such an important part of Doctor Who and my childhood. She had been so attached to the Doctor and you shared his grief when he wished her farewell and he drove off into the sunset.'

Gary Nellars,
Portsmouth.

The Time Warrior gave birth to a new race of aliens, the Sontarans, whose unpleasant appearance was ensured maximum impact when, after 25 minutes of tension, Linx paused in a medieval castle courtyard and removed his helmet to reveal the disgusting potato-head beneath.

The Pertwee era closed with a trauma for arachnophobes everywhere, *Planet of the Spiders*, with giant spiders materialising in cellars, jumping on people's backs, and taking over human minds. At the climax of the adventures, the Third Doctor confronted the awesome 'Great One' and returned to Earth, his body wracked with radiation. Much to the distress of his on-screen friends and his television followers, the Doctor regenerated once more.

'The spiders themselves were a triumph, looking very realistic and moving effectively—they made me shiver every time they jumped on to someone's back! and I'm not even scared of spiders.'

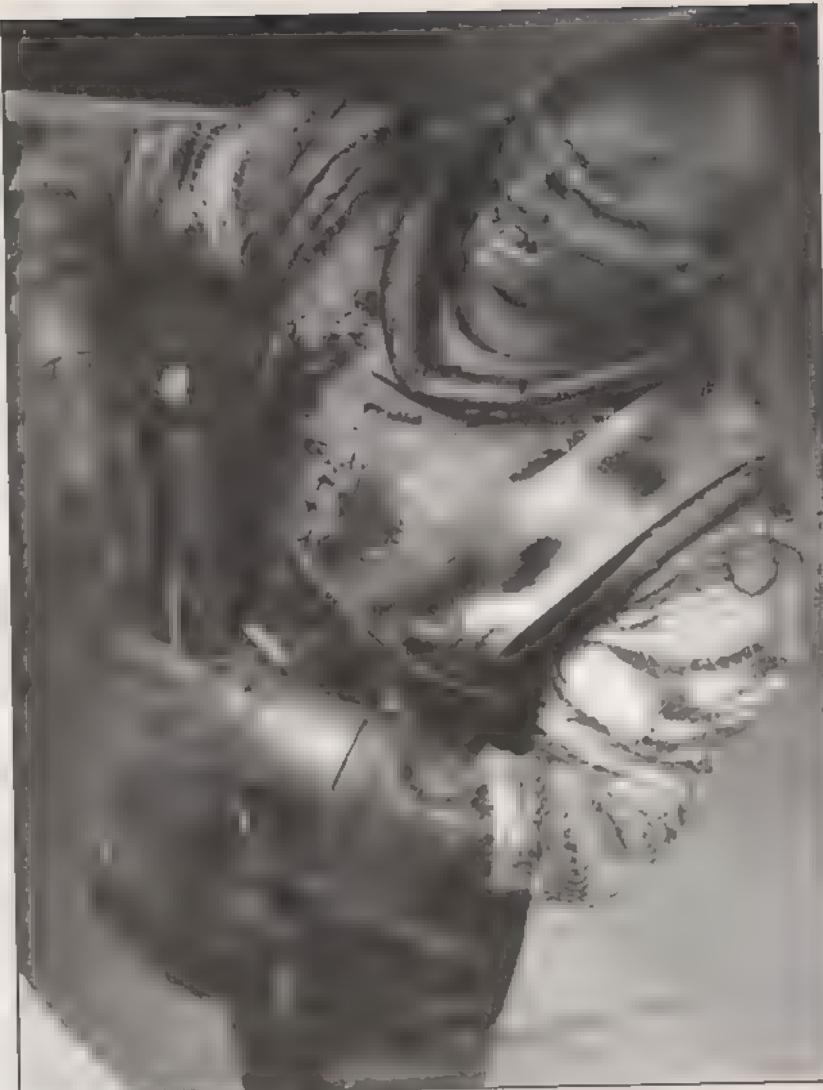
P. Andrews,
Perth,
Australia

Initially, for those who had adored the dynamic heroism of Jon Pertwee's Doctor, Tom Baker's wide-eyed, anti-heroic interpretation rankled considerably. But with the calibre of scripts he had to work with, the transition was smooth and he began to win back the audience. His first series contained two very intelligent stories.

The Ark in Space has received many accolades since its transmission. The Doctor and Harry's exploration of the space station and its glass corridors was gripping, and there was a sense of the macabre about the cryogenic chambers in which the remainder of mankind had been preserved, a ready-made larder for the marauding Wirrn.

'For me The Ark in Space was the story that really showed that Tom Baker was the Doctor. It was always the stories that had people changing into something that fascinated me, and scared the hell out of me at the same time. The scene where the Doctor and Harry encounter Noah in the corridors of the Ark haunted me for many a night.'

Richard Hewison,
Luton.



▲ Spectacular SF drama in *Frontier in Space*

The second story not only dealt with *The Genesis of the Daleks*, it was also the debut of one of the show's most enduring villains. Davros had powerful on-screen presence, particularly during his first test on a Dalek gun, his demonstration of a prototype Dalek to his scientists and the scene in which he revealed his twisted genius to the Doctor. His final moment of disbelief at the Daleks' insurrection, and his blood-curdling scream during extermination were riveting.

The next season was a celebration of Hammer horror movies – with monsters, settings and storylines blatantly transferred to the *Doctor Who* medium. And how successful it was! *Pyramids of Mars* is cited as the zenith of the Baker era, with the Fourth Doctor at his moody best, assisted by the resilient Sarah Jane, in a struggle against robotic mummies and walking cadavers in an old priory, to the sound of eerie organ music.

Particularly vivid memories are the murder of the poacher, crushed between the chests of two mummies and the Doctor's classic confrontation with the sadistic spectre Sutekh.

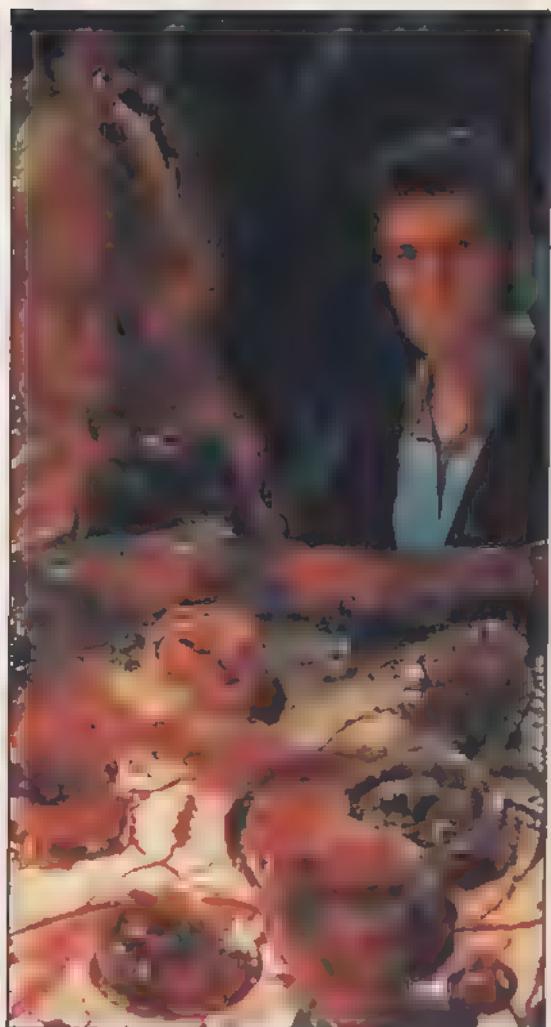
The Brain of Morbius was a bloodbath of spare part and neurosurgery, running along similar lines to *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*. Viewers suffered considerably along with Sarah the horrors of Solon's laboratory.

Each episode ended with Sarah stumbling into various stages of the Morbius experiment, and her temporary blindness worked extremely well when she

"You shared his grief when he wished her farewell."



▲ Mary Tamm, the first Romana, on location for *The Stones of Blood* – the 100th Doctor Who story



▲ *Terror of the Zygons* – the monsters were designed by James Acheson.

was bullied by Solon into helping him with his gruesome operation and she accidentally knocked Morbius' brain tank on to the floor.

*'I was particularly chilled by *The Seeds of Doom*. The most vivid moments are when the Doctor, Sarah and Scorby are trapped in this little cottage and a Krynoid tentacle burst through the window, and when Harrison Chase got fed into the compost crusher.'*

*Simon Farquhar,
Upminster.*

This period was another of the show's heydays, when the British public returned in droves to tune in again on Saturday nights, and indeed, these were the stories that helped to secure *Doctor Who*'s popularity with foreign audiences, and still do today. Serials such as *The Seeds of Doom*, *The Robots of Death* and *The Talons of Weng Chang* exuded menace and hooked people from week to week.

As the longest-running Doctor went into his fifth year, the tone changed. The Gothic horror influence was radically curtailed, substituted by off-beat humour. There were fewer moments of terror, but younger watchers were delighted at the advent of K9, and older viewers were amused and stimulated by *The Sun Makers*. *The Invasion of Time*, however, brought a long-awaited shiver down the spine for all fans everywhere, when, totally unpredictably, the Sontarans materialised in the Time Lords' Panopticon.

Occasionally there were exceptional stories, like Douglas Adams' witty *The Pirate Planet* or the richly

... with eerie, jerky movements, the creatures came back to life.

atmospheric *Stones of Blood*, and *City of Death*, which benefitted from splendid use of Parisian locations, but generally towards the end of the Seventies, *Doctor Who* seemed, to some, to be losing its direction, exemplified by such camp pantomimes as *The Creature from the Pu* and *The Horns of Nimon* – which some people are still trying to forget.

But *Doctor Who* was to rise from the ashes once again, and in the early Eighties, changes in the production staff resulted in major shake-ups on screen. Public interest was cultivated by a blaze of publicity surrounding *Doctor Who*, with press coverage of guest stars, the much-mourned axing of K9, the comings and goings of several other Companions, and of course, headline news, the departure of Tom Baker after seven long years.

For many people, he was *Doctor Who*; after so many narrow escapes, it seemed inconceivable that he was about to die. The Fourth Doctor's death at the foot of the radio telescope, surrounded by new Companions and reminded of old friends and enemies by means of flashback, was a very moving moment.

As we come more up-to-date, it becomes more difficult to be truly 'nostalgic'. Such serials as *Earthshock*, *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *The Five Doctors*, *The Caves of Androzani*, *Vengeance on Varos* and perhaps parts of *The Trial of a Time Lord* have undoubtedly provided images that younger readers will take with them into their adult life and they will look back on with nostalgia, ten years from now.

Patrick Mulkern

THE SIXTH DOCTOR COLIN BAKER



Colin Baker started his career in the law, but within a few years he realised that what he really wanted to do was to perform. He started by dabbling in amateur dramatics, and eventually took the plunge to audition for a fully fledged drama course.

At the end of this training, he was summoned, along with two others, into his Principal's office and told that he would find it next to impossible to make a living, except perhaps when he was older and able to play character parts.

Instead of giving up hope, Baker started to learn his trade in rep. theatre and he got his first television break from one of the BBC's leading drama producers, David Conroy, in 1970's serial *The Roads To Freedom*.

Right from the start, Colin was cast in a lot of bad guy roles, for a reason which escapes him - he recalls pleading with one producer not to cast him in a particularly nasty part, only to be met with the explanation that he was exactly suited for the role!

Between theatre, more TV parts came Colin's way. He appeared in classics like *The Moonstone* and *The Silver Sword*, as well as scoring a notable success in the BBC's epic production of *War and Peace*.

But the part that brought him to public attention was as scheming Paul Merroney in the soap *The Brothers*. Joining towards the end of its long run, Colin became the 'man you love to hate' - at least according to readers of *The Sun*!

After the serial finished, a few lean years were ahead. TV producers thought Colin was typecast, and he had to embark upon endless small-time theatre tours.

After a small appearance in *Arc of Infinity* for *Doctor Who*, (in which he'd actually got to shoot his predecessor) Colin thought he had said goodbye to a long cherished dream of playing the Doctor - but he was wrong.

Producer John Nathan-Turner liked the flamboyant qualities he saw in Baker's character and asked him to play the part. Since leaving the show, he has continued to entertain his fans, in his own flamboyant style, in a variety of theatre productions.



No more Mr. Nice Guy?

Colin Baker was announced as Peter Davison's successor amid a blaze of publicity in the hot summer of 1983. It was the programme's 20th anniversary year and the future for the show had never seemed so secure, so bright and so comfortable.

There were a few doubts about this new development for the show, though they were mainly confined to the fan magazines. The national press was most interested in Baker's run of 'bad guy' roles on tv. Though marked by excesses of media coverage, it was, however, an era remarkable for more than mere controversy.

The Twin Dilemma established the basic character of the sixth incarnation as viewers were to know him: arrogant, rude, flamboyant and very bright. This was not a style to which a tv audience could quickly become accustomed. Not even Tom Baker, the most alien Doctor of them all, ever came across as quite such an anti-hero.

Peri, Colin Baker's chief Companion, shared little of the rapport that she had enjoyed with the Fifth Doctor, or indeed which was usual between Doctors and Companions. *Attack of the Cybermen* characterised their relationship – constantly bickering and attempts to prove points over the other.

Attack also demonstrated one of the main faults of the Colin Baker era – messy, unsustained scripting and an over-reliance on the programme's past for its inspiration. These serious flaws were only covered to a degree by the glossiness of the series' production values.

There were too many loose ends. . .

Attack of the Cybermen can be attributed with turning many potential fans away from the show – as the fall in ratings between episodes ably demonstrates. There were too many loose ends and people just weren't willing to follow long, dull plot explanations concerning programme continuity that occurred twenty years earlier.

The only full Colin Baker season was typified by its casual attitude to the deaths of principal characters – if a writer didn't quite know what to do with one of his ancillary creations, they were simply disposed of.



Vengeance On Varos was a clever parody of TV violence and the degeneration of the video society, but it suffered in the climate of current opinion, which saw the show as glorifying rather than abhorring its brutal subject matter.

The Mark of the Rani presented a slower paced tale, based firmly on the charisma of the Time Lords, but the Master seemed out of place and the historical basis obscure.

The Two Doctors and *Timelash* represented the two extremes of *Doctor Who* production, and both were badly flawed as a result. One was overblown and glossy, the other under-funded and tacky. *Two Doctors* had a good basic script, somewhat controversial because of the cannibalistic element, but it was swamped with pantomime costumes, hammy acting and tepid direction.

Timelash had a good story struggling to escape from an ill disciplined structure (indeed the script wasn't really ready for production and scenes were post recorded and edited to fit the required timeslot.)

The final story of the season, *Revelation of the Daleks*, was probably the best of the Colin Baker era, well written – if again

a bit gruesome – and especially well directed. By now, Baker was comfortable in the role and his relationship with Peri and the audience less uncertain and less based on tiresome outbursts of 'personality' and 'eccentricity'.

...it wasn't enough to save Baker.

It was a mortal blow to Colin Baker's portrayal that he wasn't given the chance of a full follow-up season. The specialised one-story nature of his final, truncated season meant that the variety of his era is singularly lacking.

Trial of a Time Lord pleased some, but it was really very long for an audience to sustain their interest and again was characterised by some appalling inconsistencies in the scripts, given the time available for their writing.

Behind the scenes problems, such as script editor Eric Saward walking off, didn't help, and the talent of writers like Pip and Jane Baker for this kind of show came sharply into question. The most that can be said is that everyone tried their best given the time and options available. But it wasn't enough to save Baker...

Colin Baker's era of the programmes was really the era that 'could have been' – often the series came close to a style of its own, but then fate or circumstance would intervene and mess things up.

There were some admirable attempts at new approaches, not least of which came from Baker himself, and of all the actors to have played the part, Baker has

been one of the most devoted and loyal to it.

The only Doctor to date whose adventures have never been repeated, his involvement with the show seems to have been played down by the BBC. To the public, this Doctor is more ironically 'Who?' than any other...

Richard Marson



Marketing Madness



Right from the start, as *Doctor Who*'s popularity increased, the retailers have enthusiastically filled their shelves with a large variety of *Doctor Who* Merchandise. David Howe takes a look at some examples of the simple, the sophisticated and the weird and wonderful products that have been on offer over the 25 years . . .

The merchandising of a television programme has become an art in itself. Gone are the days when children would happily play at being Buck Rogers or Flash Gordon, armed with a stick laser gun and a cardboard box helmet. Gone are the days of pipe cleaner figures decked out with paper clothes and matchstick weaponry.

The children of today can buy custom made figures of their favourite tv characters, complete with all the weaponry and transport they require to carry out their missions.

As often as not, the cartoon heroes are designed with the toy market in mind and they reach the toyshops before they reach our screens. *Transformers*, *My Little Pony*, *Rainbow Brite*, *Thundercats*, *The Real Ghostbusters*, *Masters of the Universe* . . . the list is almost endless.

Of course, when the concepts and ideas that worked on television were picked up by mer-

chandisers in the 'old days' they were often hard pressed to find something marketable to release, and so a variety of weird and wonderful items appeared.

They may have had little bearing on the source material, but gave parents a headache when all that little Jimmy wanted was a bedroom completely kitted out with items showing his favourite of the day.

Doctor Who has a twenty-five-year history of merchandise stretching from the very first (a novelisation of one of the more popular stories, *The Daleks*, written by David Whitaker, and released by Frederick Muller in hardback in early 1964) to the most recent (TARDIS telephones, hologram cards, videos and poseable plastic figures).

Many of the things released were what you might expect; models and toys of the monsters, games featuring the Doctor, jigsaws and so on, but occasionally,

items were released that raise a smile, not only because of their tenuous connection with the series, but also because of the sheer absurdity of such an item being connected with *Doctor Who* at all.

Back in the early days of *Doctor Who* enthusiasm there was a phenomenon which was termed Dalekmania. This took place over the years 1964 and 1965 when the Daleks were in the hearts and minds of almost every child. Toy manufacturers went crazy trying to cope with the ensuing demand and in that two-year period somewhere in the region of 100 different items were released.

There were games like Bell's *The Dalek Oracle*, a toy that has been released under several guises. You place a model Dalek in the centre of a circle of questions and move it to point at the one you wish to ask. When you then place the Dalek in the centre of the answers, it spins round and points to the correct one as if by magic. It is of course magnetism that does the trick, but the thrill of having a Dalek that knows all the answers seemed to be popular.

For those children with a desire to construct their own Daleks, Bell also produced *Dalek Cutta-Mastic* sets. These consisted of a number of sheets of polystyrene (the sort of thing that tvs and videos are packaged in), a stencil and a battery po-

wered heat cutter. You cut the Dalek shapes out of the polystyrene, painted them and stood them against a background and voilà – your very own Dalek scene.

For people who wanted to beat the Daleks there were Randall and Wood's *Dalek Skittles* – small Dalek shaped skittles and a ball. And for high fliers there was a *Dalek Kite* from Bowman Jenkins. A flimsy plastic and wood affair that actually flew quite well.

Almost every company that produced a toy produced a Dalek variation of it – there were fireworks, slippers, snowstorms, wallpaper, transfers, sweets, pencils, badges and even a *Bendy Dalek* added to the *Bendy* range of toys manufactured by Newfield.

This phenomenon of peculiar items is not restricted to the Sixties, though. Not much in the way of merchandise was released during the Troughton and Pertwee eras, but when the incredible popularity of Tom Baker's Doctor began to sweep the country, manufacturers again began thinking up tie-in products.

Possibly the strangest item of all was the pair of *Doctor Who* underpants produced by British Home Stores in 1981, and for those that really wanted to dress the part, Berwick Toys produced a dressing up costume in



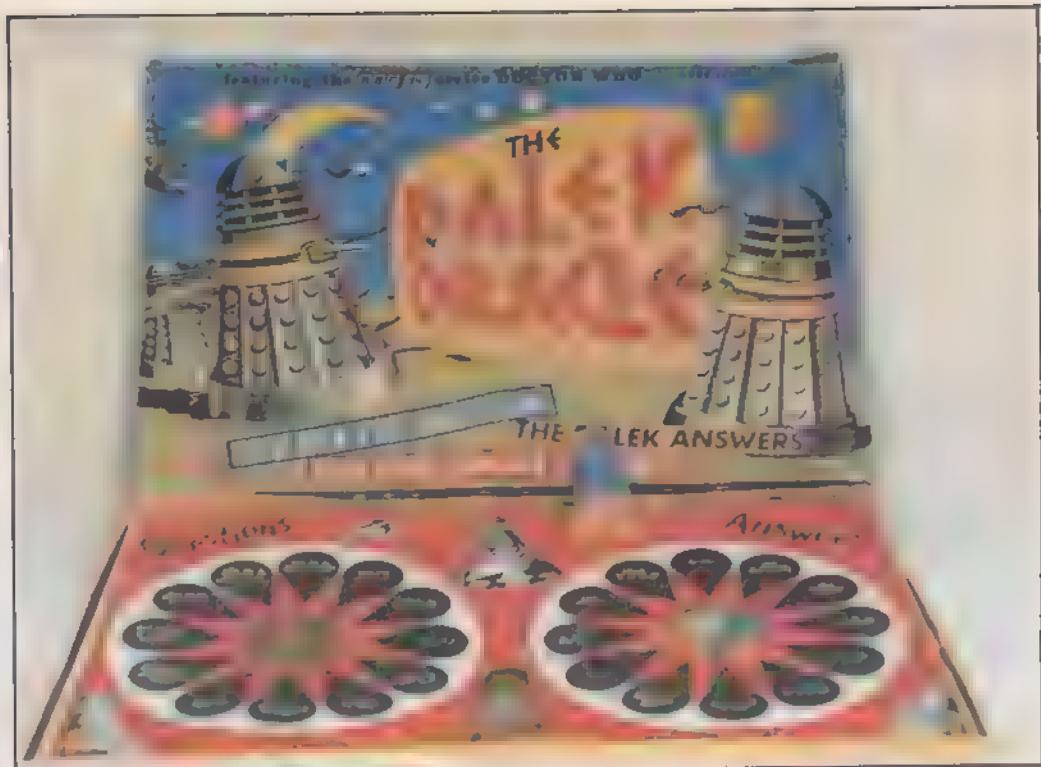


1976; a flimsy plastic waistcoat (which included a printed scarf) and a plastic Tom Baker mask.

Those of a mind to decorate their bathrooms would have jumped at the chance to do so with *Doctor Who* ceramic tiles, nine in all depicting the Fourth Doctor and the Daleks.

There was a radio marketed as a *TARDIS* tuner, a *Doctor Who* Dymo labeler, chocolate Christmas tree decorations and a 3-D clay picture (which involved filling recessed holes in a sheet of clear plastic with plasticine and then turning it over to see the picture). Another craze of the Seventies were trump cards, and in 1978 Jotastar brought out a set which featured *Doctor Who*.

More recently we have seen *Doctor Who* Easter eggs featuring Peter Davison, and another range with the Daleks, both produced by Suchard. There were even some *Doctor Who* gloves, umbrellas and T-shirts available, plus some more *Doctor Who* wallpaper featuring Daleks and Cybermen, as well as the Fifth Doctor. ▶



In 1984, a company called Sport and Playbase brought out a *Doctor Who* playmat - a rubber backed mat with a picture of the Sixth Doctor and Peri caught up in a battle between the Daleks, Cybermen and the Master. They also catered for the American fans by bringing out a version depicting the Fourth Doctor and Leela.

Finally, in 1985, Royal Doulton brought out a set of five plates featuring black and white drawings of the first three Doctors, the Master, and Davros together with his creation, the Dalek.

Hearing that familiar *Doctor Who* tune in the charts earlier this year, as The Timelords made number one with *Doctor in' the TARDIS*, reminds us that recordings, too, have been popular over the years. Apart from the theme singles we have had such offerings as Roberta Tovey, child star of the two Dalek films of the Sixties, singing *Who's Who* in 1965. Frazer Hines, who played Jamie in *Doctor Who*, came up with an even worse song in 1968, called *Who's Dr. Who?*, and even Jon Pertwee had a crack at the charts

with the almost respectable *Who is the Doctor* in 1972.

Other groups, too, have marketed *Doctor Who* related material. There were the Go-Gos with the mind-numbingly appalling *I Want to Spend my Christmas With a Dalek* in 1984, Blood Donor had a more recent release in 1980 with a catchy tune called simply *Doctor . . . ?* and a group calling themselves Mankind had a minor hit in 1978 with *Doctor Who* - a reworking of the theme for the disco. Even the popular group The Human League devoted the 'B' side of the 1981 single *Girls and Boys*, to an ominous tune called *Tom Baker* in honour of the actor.

All in all, the *Doctor Who* merchandise scene has been pretty active over the last 25 years, and a huge variety of items have been produced and issued under the *Doctor Who* banner, all of them contributing in some way to the institution that is *Doctor Who*.

David Howe



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THE SEVENTH DOCTOR SYLVESTER McCOY



From the start, Sylvester McCoy's characterisation of the Seventh Doctor was his own. Effectively given a free hand in realising this latest regeneration, he based it as much on his own real self as he did on facets of the previous Doctors.

Very much in the tradition of earlier Doctors, Scottish-born McCoy is a family man in his middle years who positively exudes energy and wit.

A declared Troughton man, it was from this period that he first turned for inspiration. Aside from the mercurial aspect of Patrick Troughton's Doctor, McCoy has become the master of his contrasting behaviour, most impressively illustrated by his ability to switch, in an instant, from being up to his comic antics to being so deadly serious.

Known to paraphrase script like mad, he trips from one word to the next, displaying so successfully the urgency of the given situation. Indeed, he was to venture further back in the Doctor's life to snatch back the short temper that was such an inherent part of the William Hartnell portrayal.

In this regeneration, the Doctor's alien roots have been re-established and, at times, he can be seen in frustration over the ignorance of the people of Earth. Specifically, the inability to adequately comfort a distraught Ray in *Delta And The Bannermen* highlighted his lack of certain human qualities.

As each successive story is completed, the extremes of *Time And The Rani* left well behind, a more dependable, though never predictable, Doctor is emerging.

To date, with so few credits to his name, the Seventh Doctor is still in the process of re-definition, as is the series itself. This second round of adventures has, however, proved that one thing is unquestionable. Sylvester McCoy is the Doctor.

The Human Bomb

Sylvester McCoy became the Seventh Doctor during a first season of four very different stories, stories that due to the exceptional circumstances involved, were virtually written before his appointment.

Season Twenty-four was radically different from its predecessor and hosted a catalogue of changes, not least a new computer-graphics title sequence that, for once, diversified from the traditional tunnel effect.

It featured a new Doctor that took a literal wink at the viewer, which, perhaps, indicated that emphases had shifted. *Doctor Who* was being taken into the Nineties. It had needed change and had achieved it.

John Nathan-Turner remained at the helm but a new script editor, Andrew Cartmel, was onboard to champion the cause for new writers.

It was the familiar pens of Pip and Jane Baker, however, that handled the all-important opening story. Interestingly enough, they had written the last Doctor's exit as well, as Eric Saward had done with Peter Davison, and as Christopher Bidmead had written the Tom Baker/Peter Davison transition.

The Rani, played once again, as it could only be, by Kate O'Mara.

Time and the Rani, previously *Strange Matter*, was not as strong an introduction to Sylvester as the Doctor as it should have been. Erratic though it was, it was noteworthy in that it featured the return of The Rani, played once again, as

it could only be, by Kate O'Mara.

There followed three scripts from three new writers to the series.

Stephen Wyatt's *Paradise Towers* was much deeper than it was eventually to appear. It was a little too silly in places, but drew together some interesting characters into a classic suspense situation.

Episode three's dodgiest encounter, depicting the Rezzies attacking Mel with an all too familiar kitchen implement, caused a few ripples. The offending scene was declared highly unsuitable and would have to be removed from any unlikely future repeat screening or video release.



Delta and the Bannermen.

Keff McCulloch's second successive score was of note because it successfully replaced, at short notice, a completed score by composer David Snell.

Delta and the Bannermen reintroduced the unfamiliar three-episode story length and was shot on location in and around Barry Island in Wales.

The few studio inserts that there were in episode one were recorded in the recording block for *Dragonfire*. The working title, *Flight of the Chimeron*, was replaced with a title that re-

flected more of the Fifties 'feel'.

The dominating use of period music, again ably reproduced by Keff McCulloch, complemented Chris Clough's pacey direction. Keff actually appeared in episode one, in a cameo role as a Shirrell at the 'Get-to-know-you' dance.

One of the lead characters, Ray, was at one point, mooted as a possible Companion when the story was likely to be the last transmission of the season. Another actress, Lynn Gardner, was the original choice to play Ray but badly hurt her ankle shortly before shooting was to begin, and had to withdraw. Sara Griffiths was magnificent as her successor.

Dragonfire, again three episodes, was Ian Briggs' first commission for *Doctor Who*, indeed his first for television, and provided a much more traditional tale of adventure. It was the programme's one hundred-and-fiftieth story and introduced Ace, played by Sophie Aldred, the Companion who was to continue into the Twenty-fifth Season.

Cartmel was the one who actually wrote Mel's departure scene in the TARDIS, when Bonnie Langford had delayed for so long her decision not to continue.



The Seventh Doctor's first adventure saw the return of the Rani (Kate O'Mara) and the arrival of the Tetrap.

Episode one provided the season's highest viewing figure, 5.5 million viewers, but also the silliest ending. The temptation for Chris Clough to create the ultimate cliff-hanger ending was just too great!

Previously known as *The Pyramid's Treasure*, *Dragonfire* drew the most critical acclaim. Kane's suicide and melting face visual effect also attracted attention. The actual 4.7 second scene was an amalgamation of a much lengthier effect.

Sylvester so successfully bounces ideas off his young Companion.

It was certainly a period of *Doctor Who*, short though it was, that showed the excellence of the Visual Effects effort, not just in *Dragonfire*, but in *Delta and the Bannermen* and the Rani's bubble traps in *Time and the Rani*.



Remembrance of the Daleks.



*Into the future: Peggy Mount joins the Doctor as the Stalls Lady for the final story of the Twenty-fifth Season, *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*.*

It was also a season that split Fandom. Right down the middle. Whatever criticisms have been levelled at the quality of scripts, directions and the rest of it, Season Twenty-four was 'State Of The Art Television'. It boded well for the anniversary stories that are only just upon us.

Again, Andrew Cartmel has selected three brand new writers. The youngest, and freshest being Ben Aaronovitch for whom, at 24, *Remembrance of the Daleks* was his first commission, too. Action and adventure are the key words here.

The Doctor's relationship with Ace is developed as Sylvester so successfully bounces ideas off his young Companion, to relieve himself of the heavy burden of too much of the substantial plot.

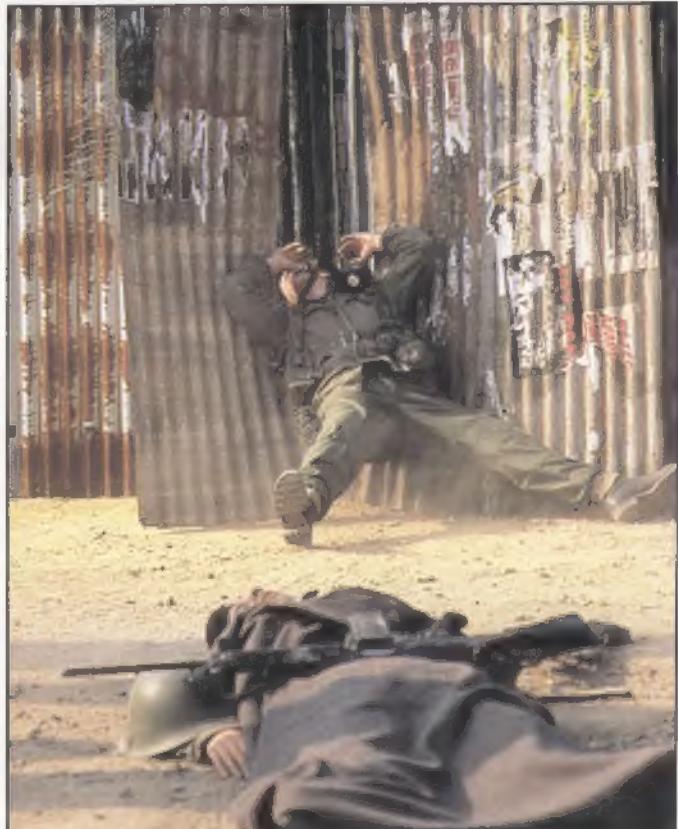
Andrew Morgan compounds his standing as a fine Who-director, following his superb

handling of *Time and the Rani*. However, this story, it can be said, has done for Daleks what *Attack of the Cybermen* did for Cybermen. Their invincibility is somewhat weakened.

In Seasons Twenty-four and Twenty-five there are signs that

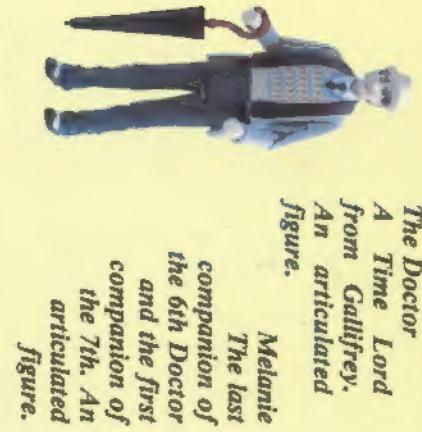
Doctor Who is experiencing a change, a re-birth. It will continue beyond Season Twenty-six. It has to. The word 'renaissance' is, in this case, quite justified.

John B. McLay

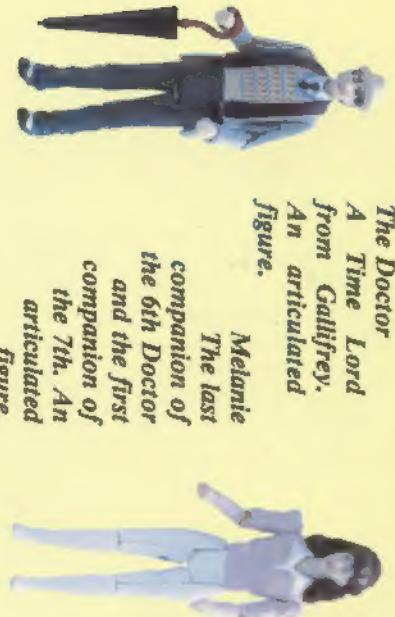




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